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THE MAGAZINE EXECUTIVE—1958-59

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MISS F. B. SHARMAN

Balmoral Hall

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Form Mistress, Grade XII.

Acting Headmistress during Miss Murrell-Wright's absence.

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EDITORIAL

In the present-day world we find that the contrast of national governments lies in the basic difference between democratic and autocratic ideologies. Autocracy is absolute. Under such a regime the mass must implicitly obey and blindly follow. Democracy, on the other hand, is an attempt to practise a way of life as taught by Christ. Under this system, a man is an individual, free to assert himself and assume his share of responsibility for his fellow men.

These principles of democracy have significance in fields other than political. They can and should be applied in commerce and industry, in education, and certainly in family life. In each of these, success depends upon the ability of the members to comprehend their functions and responsibilities, and to think individually while co-operating collectively.

In critical situations, particularly when the main source of leadership is removed, the value of democratic thinking becomes even more apparent. Early training gives the individual the courage to continue even without direction, and where necessary, to make bold decisions himself, by applying to new situations the principles he has learned.

Many examples of this can be recalled. During the war, we heard of many instances where a commanding officer was slain, but a battle was fought and won. The unit continued to function and to meet emergencies, inspired by the ideals previously instilled by its leader. We also recall how the Vice-President of the United States, together with his advisers, was able to carry on the government of the country through the crisis of President Eisenhower's illness. One of the most striking examples, of course, is Christ's influence on His disciples long after He had left them. He had given to this small group a way of life by His example and His teaching, which they so clearly understood that through persecution and trials they fulfilled His command to spread the gospel throughout the world.

We can also apply these thoughts to our own situation at Balmoral Hall this year. Many times in the past we have spoken of "The Good Ship Balmoral". We have again been a ship, though a ship without its Captain. Rough seas and smooth have tested our worth. "At the helm" was the "First Officer", Miss Sharman, who courageously assumed the unaccustomed burden of administration. Through her vitality and unselfishness, she strengthened her "officers", the Staff, Prefects, and Class Presidents, who were called upon to accept new responsibility, often of a difficult and demanding nature. The ship did not founder in this crisis because every action was guided by our desire to apply the principles we had learned and which we understand. Above all was the challenge to carry on, and to restore the ship in good working order to our Captain, Miss Murrell-Wright, whose example and training have provided us with firm purpose and lasting inspiration.



STANDING—Pamela MacCharles; Heather Miller; Barbara Park; Valerie Saul; Joceyln Wilson; Sara Allan; Shirley Donaldson.

SITTING—Donna Day Washington; Signe Salzberg, School Captain; Karen Jones, Sports Captain; Betty Anne Aitkens, Head Girl; Carole Ann Cory; Helen Smith.

PREFECTS

We were very sorry that Miss Murrell-Wright was unable to present the Prefects' cords herself this year. We do, however, constantly remember the letter that she sent to the School for the first presentation in September. Her message could well be summed

up in the words, "Much will be required of those to whom much is given."

This thought helps to give each new Prefect some knowledge of the essence of leadership. As a member of any group, it is easy to envy the leader, the one who "gets his way" and "gives the orders", and to daydream of "What I would do if I were boss." As an inexperienced leader, it is too easy to be intolerant of those who do not conform, and to be resentful of the effort needed to make others abide by the restrictions necessary for an efficient community life. A Prefect gradually realizes that privilege and responsibility go hand in hand, and she is increasingly concerned that she should merit the privilege and learn to bear the responsibility.

From the practical standpoint, a Prefect has many opportunities to gain experience which should be of lasting value. She learns that no project involving a number of people, especially a number of teenagers, will be successful without careful planning beforehand, and some supervision at the time. She feels the exhilaration that comes from running such events as the Hallowe'en Party, and when things are "going with a swing", she feels

that all her efforts have been more than worthwhile.

Through years of knowing Miss Murrell-Wright and Miss Sharman, we realize that it is the busiest people who have the most time. A new Prefect also sees that the Head Girl and experienced Prefects manage to fulfil their duties without appearing constantly harassed. From these examples, she learns that more careful organization of her time can do wonders in making her efforts effective and that experience is a great teacher.

Above all a Prefect has the privilege of helping her fellow students to live up to the standards which the school upholds. Each day as she ties on her cord, she is reminded of this privilege, and each night as she removes it, she hopes that she has earned the right to wear this symbol which so identifies her with the high ideals of Balmoral Hall.



Balmoral Hall June, 1959.

My dear Girls,

For so many months this year my only means of communication with you began, "My dear Girls". Each time I wrote to you I hoped soon to return and that it would be my last letter, but the Editor is now very firmly reminding me that despite my return to School, I owe you one more. Here it is.

Between September and Easter, the months of my absence, I learned a great deal about you and a great deal about me. I really don't want you to know what I learned about me, but I'll whisper one or two facts. I discovered that I am very impatient and I did not like waiting to be well. Many times I was "preaching" to myself as I often "preach" to you, but to practise what I preached was another matter. It wouldn't be good for you to know any more about me.

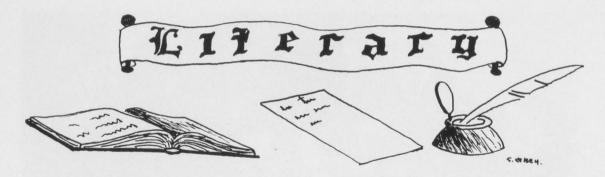
What did I learn about you? From the Opening Day in September when I could not be with you, I knew how much you matter to me. It was some time before I received the four House Books with your pictures, and then I met the new girls. But I didn't know you. Then letters began to come from old girls, new girls and former students of Balmoral Hall. From these letters I learned a great deal to your credit. I felt your loyalty, your consideration, and your desire to keep our flag of tradition, high principles, and achievement, flying at top mast. I felt this in your letters to me, and I read it in letters I received from parents and friends of the School. You will never know how proud of you I have often been this year. I know that Miss Sharman and The Staff shared my duties and responsibilities, and guided and encouraged you, but your cooperation was needed too, and the effort made by many of you has not passed unnoticed. Sports Day came and went as did Initiation Day and the Carol Service—each with the right spirit. The games programme was well organized, a French Club was established, and Cupid Capers was even more successful than last year.

The result of your efforts to discipline yourself, to improve your work or your behaviour, or to help another, may not always be apparent, but you know if you have tried harder, and you know if you have made a conscious effort to support your House and your School, particularly during my absence, by Seeking Better Things. I am proud and pleased to see that many of you are discovering, and some of you have discovered, the real meaning of our School motto and have indeed shown your true worth by doing that much more, and trying that much harder to bring this year to a successful close.

I shall look for you all on September 10th.—Till then, have a very happy summer holiday.

Affectionately yours,

Shurrelbledright -



The Face

Dark shadows stole across the weed-infested, leaf-strewn yard as the clock in the old man's hall struck seven. A storm-foretelling wind blew into the room, sweeping aside the dust-laden drapes, and swinging the huge glass doors to and fro. Groaning, the old man slumped forward, fastened the doors, and sank into his chair again. He stared out of the windows, remembering another night twelve years before very much like this one—the same wind, the same clouds, the same time of year.

"Bah," he thought, "my nerves again!"

Reaching to the floor, he picked up the halfempty whisky bottle, raised it to his lips, and

gulped.

Yes, exactly the same kind of night. Now, at "the place", the wind would be moaning through the trees as it had done when he crouched on the path, waiting for Father Patrick to come along with the money that had been raised at the church meeting. He always came that way, a small, slightly-bent man who braved the dark of the forest because he feared no one but God. The old man remembered seeing the tiny lantern bobbing along the path, hearing the priest hum to himself, and tensing as his eyes picked out the money bag swinging in the priest's hand. Yes, while crouching there, he had been afraid. But of what?

Quickly the old man took another gulp from the

whisky bottle.

The priest had not put up much of a struggle. One blow over the head with the iron bar was all that was needed. The priest lay still. Picking up the lantern, he had grabbed the bag of money from the man's clenched hand. It was then that he had noticed the face—wrinkled, very grey, very still, but with a certain strange look of peace.

The old man shuddered and again lifted the

bottle to his lips.

"I didn't mean to kill him," he muttered. "Just

wanted to knock him out.

Oh, well, no time for thinking of past days. That money had started him on his way to bigger things, and now he had a vast sum accumulated. Thinking about this, the old man grimaced.

"That young nephew of mine is just waiting for me to have another heart attack and pass out of the picture," he mumbled. "Well, he won't get a cent of my money for years."

Reaching again for the bottle, he inadvertently lifted his eyes to the window. There, in the semi-darkness, was the head of the old priest—wrinkled, very grey, and very still. The bottle clattered to the floor, the old man clutched at his breast, and with one long, last, shuddering gasp, his soul descended into hell.

A few weeks later, his nephew removed the large grey wasps' nest from the tree outside the study window.

Jacqueline Duncan. Grade XI

Senior Literary Competition Prize Story

The lake is the mournful cry

The Lake

Of a lonely loon, piercing the stillness Of a summer night—a breezeless, Humid darkness. It is the twinkling Lights of a distant shore, The caressing breeze through the still pine trees. And the dry, brown needles On the mossy forest floor. It is the silver-scaled minnows Gliding by; The screeching gulls 'gainst a crimson sky At dusk. The crackling of a cheery fire, The lashing rain outside, A threat of thunder, sheets of light, And billowing waves—the wet gray night— This is the rapture of the lake!

> Jocelyn Wilson, Grade XI

Hatred

"Nero Claudius Caesar Augustus Germanicus. I wonder how many people remember you. I can't justly claim that I do, but I do remember when your name was a household word. How I hated

you, and how I hated Rome!"

The charred timbers and stone had been hauled away, and the Forum, houses, and statues had been rebuilt. In fact, there was nothing in this every day Roman scene to remind Octavia of that time, over six decades ago, when she had last seen Rome. There had been panic in the air then; there had been sultry heat, the high-pitched voices of women and children, tension, and panic. Even so, as she gazed on the bridge stretching across the River Tiber, there was enough in that scene to start her reminiscing.

First of all, the letters. That was the beginning. There were two of them and they were delivered exactly one month apart to her family's villa on the Via Roma, just east of Rome. The first was ordering her father to resume duty as a Roman general to fight in Gaul. The second was announcing his death. It was then that she first realized her hatred for Nero, Rome, and all that they stood for. As a fifteen-year-old girl, protected from the day of her birth, she could not begin to comprehend the significance of Rome, the heart of the known world. She could not comprehend the feelings of men for a nation that had achieved world leadership through countless years of bloodshed and sacrifice. All she understood was the needless loss of the one most dear to her and her bitter hatred for those who had caused that loss.

They moved to the hated Rome after that to live with Sorentia, her aunt. Sorentia lived in a middle-class house on a narrow, winding street near the Circus Flaminius, which she kept up by running a little shop where she sold various articles of linen and pottery. But Octavia, unlike most heroines, was not very talented at anything, and so was a great disappointment to her art-minded aunt.

In spring the soldiers returned from Gaul and Octavia was obliged to watch the Triumphal March, for her father was to be posthumously honoured. Even so, only her curiosity kept her from rebelling against this duty. On the day of the Triumph, Octavia, her mother and her aunt, made their way to a place apart from the rest of the joyous crowd. The triumph had already begun and Octavia could see prisoners, bound together, walking courageously, hesitating a moment with a fleeting look of pride and rebellion on their faces, and then bending to pass under the symbolical yoke made from the Roman spears. Octavia was sickened by the sight. She was glad now that her father had died rather than see himself a cause of the deep humiliation of these men.

Beside her stood a young man named Plaudius Laviticus, the only other one there who was not shouting and clapping with the near-hysteria that seemed to move the rest of the crowd. He stood quietly by the roadside, watching with mixed feelings of jealousy and disgust as his friends marched by. Plaudius himself had once been a Roman soldier but he had been dishonourably discharged because his pro-Christian beliefs irritated one of his superiors. And then, because they were the only pacifists in this militaristic crowd, Plaudius and Octavia began talking, first about their common hates and then their common interests. This meeting led to a warm friendship which in turn became a lasting love.

She was happy then, for she had found a new feeling, an awareness of love in place of hate, an awakening from childish narrow-mindedness. In

short, she felt free.

But even this happiness was to be thwarted by narrow-mindedness, of a stronger and more authoritative kind, which belongs to the adult world of class distinction.

Marriage was unthinkable. Her mother and aunt tried in vain to point out the fact that she was the daughter of an upper class family, while he was a common Roman soldier, made even more disreputable by his discharge. But this was just another of the ideas incomprehensible to fifteen-year-old girls. When this failed, they appealed to her sense of security, and finally, when they realized persuasion was in vain, they commanded her to give him up.

Then, as in a thousand similar and a hundred more famous cases, came the inevitable secret meetings. These took place on the bridge that

joins Tiber Island to the mainland.

Then, on July eighteenth, 64 A.D.—fire! Like the dark before the dawn, this was the inferno before Octavia's paradise. For six days the fire raged but not an imminent threat. Then, during the hot, dark night, the smouldering embers ignited again in the Circus Flaminius and before Octavia could fully understand the situation, she was wept into the street and lost in the terror-stricken crowd that was heading in a thousand different directions. In this living nightmare, only her instincts were working to lead her out of Rome, where she was sure she would find safety and maybe once again, peace of mind.

Hours later, Plaudius found her huddled on the bridge, shivering with fright, and without a single word of greeting, decision, or consent, they made their way out of the city on a road, appropriately

called the Via Triumphante.

Now she had returned to Rome. For sixty-five years her life in Roman Gaul had been rich, full, and satisfying. She had given birth to two sons, but when they had grown and their sons in turn had grown, and Plaudius had died, she had decided to return.

"How strong and stubborn are the feelings of youth. Only age can present a clear picture of all that has gone before; for without the things that I hated so, there would have been no awareness, no awakening, no happiness and no complete satisfaction. I should have wandered the earth without peace of mind and with a troubled soul, and my only awakening would have been after death, to the fact that my greatest sin, hatred, had thwarted and retarded the terrestrial part of my eternity. Thank you, Nero! Thank you, Rome!"

Judith Harris, Grade X

Senior Literary Competition Prize Short Story

The Sun

It was still in the sadness of morn When she rose: the blue grass Chill to her feet; And the mist had spun round the Neighbouring trees that reached For the hem of her heat. So till the noon she traced the sky With lilting step and laughing eye. Gave life to the bug, flight to the bee, Warmed the grain 'neath the soil; Flung out her ray To touch, to heal, to bind Earth's children in common joy With the breath of day. It was still in the splendour of eve As she set; the green grass Hushed in the field; When night's dark tresses streamed In her face, and with blinding strands Her wild eyes sealed. So till the morrow will she be Banished from touch of land and sound of sea. SIGNE SALZBERG. Grade XI.

Senior Literary Competition Prize Poem

"Je Me Souviens"

This summer I underwent a rather harrowing experience. For five weeks I was plunged into that infuriating, shouting, gesticulating madhouse—"La Province de Quebec". As a result, I now speak a mutilated variety of French and have some decided views on French Canada and its people.

To me, a Frenchman is an unfathomable creature, complex and hopelessly confusing. The typical Frenchman is a loquacious one, with the expressive face and active hands that all French possess as naturally as two eyes and a nose.

I met my first real "specimen" as I stepped from the plane at Rimouski. He rushed up to me, waving his arms and jabbering in lightning fast and completely idiomatic French that escaped me completely. I could only stand, mouth agape, and stare at him. Grasping my arm, he began to propel me towards a small black car parked near the airstrip. Panicky, my first thought was, "Police!" but then, quick anger began to rise in me. I shoved his hand from my arm and began to jabber myself-in English! I was furious. What right had this strange, noisy man to . . . and suddenly my ears burned as I realized what a colossal blunder I had made. I began to stutter an apology, for I had finally recognized my "abductor" for what he really was-my host!

At first, I was too ashamed of my poor French to use it much. The French, on the other hand, made it a point to use their often scanty English whenever they could. One boy, whatever the time of day and whatever the weather, never passed me without saying, "Good night, nice day, n'est-ce pas?" Lucie, the youngest daughter, aged ten, had learned an English sentence especially for my arrival. When we were introduced, she gave me a shy smile and said, "Weedge es der doig dod runtz?" I was touched—but stymied! Whatever could she mean? Mrs. Rosier, laughing, told me, "She's been practising for weeks. She says, 'Which is the dog that runs?'".

The grandparents are an important part of every French family. We made a special trip one day to the home of the senior Rosiers for the sole purpose of introducing me. The house was a large one with two verandas and the "balançoir" or swing which seems to be a fourth necessity of life to every French home. There were ten people seated in the spacious kitchen, at least five of whom were rocking back and forth in rocking chairs. The usual din of conversation ceased abruptly when I entered. As Mrs. Rosier introduced me, I smiled, trying to murmur appropriate answers to their greetings. My most glaring mistake was to reply to, "And how long will you be in Rimouski?" with, "Oh, ça va bien, merci-et vous?" Their personal remarks I could understand more easily-'Elle est grande . . . elle est blonde!" The first was all too true. I towered over Daniele, who was my age, but only five feet tall. At that moment, I felt like "Jack, the Giant Killer"!

The French are as optimistic as they are frank. One dull day in Quebec City my plane had landed three hours late and I had missed my bus connection. Resigning myself to a depressing day at the Chateau Frontenac, I was silent as the young bell-boy carried my cases to a room on the fifteenth floor. He seemed to sense my boredom for he flashed me a broad smile, and, speaking slowly, he said, "The nice day comes; the sky he is blue. Quebec is yours, mademoiselle. Happy afternoon!" The

afternoon was happy too. As he had said, the sky cleared and the sun shone—a perfect day for

sightseeing!

However, sightseeing by car in the Gaspé proved a little short of perfect. I found car-travel in Quebec a terrifying experience, for this reason: the French drive like madmen. Their extreme impatience with other drivers who are doing something "foolish", such as observing the speed limit, for instance, results in furious honking, muttered or shouted imprecations, and further increase in speed. The roads of the Gaspé are a far cry from our wide, flat, straight highways, Instead, they are narrow ribbons, twisting and rolling at a frighteningly small distance from the St. Lawrence. Over these, the Gaspesians hurtle, talking furiously with the usual expansive gestures. At each turn of the road my heart would leap into my mouth, making impossible the digestion of the wonders of the justly famed scenery.

By the end of my visit, my fears and the bewildered look which had become habitual, had begun to fade. I was able to understand much of what was said to me, I had enjoyed French-Canadian foods, and had attended a French Catholic Mass at six in the morning—I had even operated a French ferris wheel! I was completely in love with the country-side, the language, and above all with the babbling, chattering, happy people. I shall always remember Quebec—or as the motto of Quebec says, "Je me souviens".

SHIRLEY DONALDSON, Grade XI

Nostalgia

The sky is grey, and hard the north wind blows
Across the prairie lands of endless snow,
Mile upon mile without a house or tree.
And I remember, far across the sea,
A land so small, so full of little things—
Bluebells, and copses where the linnet sings.
An ancient land where Roman roads still line
The moors, and Roman walls jostle the banks of
Tyne:

And where the rain falls gently on green grass, And dismal city streets where buses pass Like scarlet monsters through the foggy night—London with fruit on barrows, shining bright. Hedged fields, like patchwork quilts, divide the

land,

And the great seas surge in on every hand.

CAROLINE DAMERELL, Grade X

The Orange Trees

The sun was sanguine and warm. As its rays travelled to the peaceful earth, they seemed to gather beauty, for, once they gently touched the petals of the tender orange blossoms, they seemed

to sink in and make the blossoms glow with radiant beauty. By the time the rays reached the soil after touching the white blossoms, the grayish-blue bark, and the dark green leaves of the tree, they were purple, and made the soil that colour as they flowed into it. The whole earth was, like the pale pink lips on a Grecian goddess, indescribable.

The earth was moist, warm and glowing. It seemed ready to burst with the joy of the beginning of a new day, and the birds were singing a serenade

to the earth in its moment of glory.

A little cottage nestled in the dewy grass a short distance from the grove. As the sun rose higher and higher into the sky, the cottage turned from pink to white. Presently, a short, rather plump man walked out of the cottage as if Michael Anthony had just handed him a cashier's cheque for a million dollars, tax free! He was wearing work trousers which were "dusty blue" and had one broken strap, a red and white checked shirt with green patches on the elbows, and a straw hat which looked as if it were ready to have two holes cut in it and be placed on the head of Jenny, the donkey.

In one hand he was carrying a small bag of seeds, orange seeds, and in the other, a long stick. He walked over to a small, bare field which was next to the one in blossom and made a small hole in the soil by pressing the stick into it. Then he dropped one of the small seeds into the hole. He walked on about three yards and made another hole, and dropped another small seed into it.

Soon he had planted all the seeds in rows parallel to the other grove. At least, he thought he had. He found, however, that there was one seed left. He took it out of the bag and looked at it. It was dark and rough and, thinking that nothing could grow properly with such a beginning, he tossed it over his shoulder and walked away, not noticing that it had landed in the middle of the adjoining fallow land.

April drizzled in, bringing with it the rains which the trees welcome so heartily. By this time the seeds, having had good care by the farmer, had grown rapidly in the rich soil and had become small shoots, a few inches tall, with tiny,

pale green leaves.

The seed which the farmer had thrown away had also grown, but not very much. In fact, it had only just met the sun, the blue sky, and the rains a little while ago, but they were all becoming good friends.

Several years later, when spring's turn came once more in the game of seasons, the former grove was in full blown blossoms. Passers by stopped and stared at the mass of beauty. The new grove was fresh and young, bubbling with blooms. Both groves thought they were very beautiful, and they laughed at the poor little tree, growing slowly in the middle of the bare field. He was very unhappy. He loved the sun, the sky and the rain

dearly, though, and they loved him. He vowed that some day he would be very strong and tall and beautiful; then he would be very close to those he loved.

The sun was sanguine and warm. As its rays travelled to the peaceful earth, they seemed to gather beauty, for once they gently touched the petals of the tender orange blossoms, they seemed to sink in and make the blossoms glow with radiant beauty. But one tree was more beautiful than all the rest. It grew alone in the middle of an open field. It stood proudly, reaching to the sun with long slender arms, each one heavily garmented in thousands of fragrant blossoms. In return, the sun's rays made a beautiful halo around

Nancy Eaton, Grade X

My Many Loves

it as he smiled down on his friend.

I love the trackless whiteness of the snow, The coral of a lily on a plain. The waters tumbling to a lake below; I love a hidden sheltered brook that's formed From rivulets of falling summer rain; And reindeer moss with glowing fruits adorned. I love the birch so pale with winter's bleach, The melodies of gay and joyful birds, A straying butterfly, a tide-swept beach; The gold and scarlet flame of autumn leaves, The waving ferns when carelessly disturbed; The ivy, and the bark to which it cleaves. I love the wind on lonely mountain trails, Its echoes and its distant lulling cry That whispers through the forests and the vales. From smallest shoot to highest leaves above, I love all in the seasons passing by-In Nature I have found my many loves.

> Margaret Kosinski, Grade XI

Miss Tobie's Toffee

Miss Tobie was about seventy-two years old. She was the kindest, most generous person we knew. She wore black buttoned boots, an alpaca skirt, a high-necked blouse, and a snowy apron. A pair of steel-rimmed glasses hid her twinkling eyes. Her white hair was tied back in a bun. She rented a small shop in which she sold the most delicious toffee you have ever tasted. It melted in your mouth.

Ever since we could remember, my brother, Ben, and I had been allowed to serve in her shop in the village of Ripplebrook where we lived. Cardwell was the nearest town. It was full of houses and had miles of road lined with factories and stores and it was growing so fast we expected it to gobble up Ripplebrook any day.

One day we went into Miss Tobie's shop to find her sitting in a chair, with a letter in her hand, crying. It came as a surprise to us because we had never seen her anything but brisk and cheerful. She then told us that her landlord had recently died and that his heirs, knowing that Cardwell was expanding rapidly, had sold all the property, including the shop. Miss Tobie would have bought the shop herself if she had had enough money, but the toffee business didn't make much profit.

And where would Miss Tobie go? She had a cousin in Manchester and one in London, but we knew she would never be happy there after Ripplebrook. It made it even worse when we found out who had bought the shop—Mr. Snapper. We had nothing against him personally and we hadn't even met him, but we thought he had enough stores in the British Isles without having Miss Tobie's. Besides, they all gleamed with cream paint and chromium, even on the wettest days.

"If we could only get hold of Mr. Snapper," I said, "and could show him just how perfect Miss Tobie's shop is, he would see that it would ruin Ripplebrook to have a big creamy coloured building stuck in it." Ben said that he supposed Mr. Snapper was hidden behind rows of desks and that

no one could get near him.

In the end it was Ben who found him. One day when Ben was out for a walk he saw a man leaning against the bridge. He had his head in his hand, nursing it as though it hurt. Ben stopped to say, "Hello," as most people do in Ripplebrook, but he didn't ask what was the matter. Then they continued to talk about everyone and everything. Ben was just about to say goodbye, when a uniformed chauffeur drove up and said, "Are you ready, Mr. Snapper?" loudly enough for Ben to hear. This was enough for him.

hear. This was enough for nim.

"May I show you something, sir?" he asked.

"Well," replied the stranger, "I am by no means in the mood to go sightseeing, but all

right, if it isn't far away.

After Mr. Snapper had dismissed his chauffeur, Ben took him straight to Miss Tobie's shop and all the way there he raved about how beautiful it was and what a shame it would be if someone came along and destroyed it in order to put up one of "those modern stores."

Then Ben took Mr. Snapper inside to find Miss Tobie and me talking. Ben introduced us. If Ben had been wondering how Miss Tobie would greet Mr. Snapper, he should have known that she would welcome him and ask him to sit down.

All this time Mr. Snapper had been groaning and nursing his cheek, which looked swollen. When Miss Tobie saw this, she immediately commanded him to lie down on the couch. When he objected she said, "Nonsense, I'll nurse you. You two," pointing at us, "have all had it; I know because I sent you some toffee."

"Had what?" we asked in amazement.

"Mumps!" replied Miss Tobie.

My father, who is a doctor, soon confirmed her diagnosis. For the next month the shop was quarantined. During this time we found that this Mr. Snapper did not own the Snapper Super Sales Stores, but his uncle did. Mr. Snapper Senior was expected to come to Ripplebrook any day. Tim, as we soon called Mr. Snapper Junior, had been sent to Ripplebrook to look over the prospective building sights.

Shortly after the guarantine was over, Mr. Snapper Senior, came to Ripplebrook. He was a big man with a red face and white hair and moustache, and he had a hot temper. He immediately asked Tim if he had done anything about having Miss Tobie's shop demolished. Tim answered.

"No, I haven't. I have had mumps."

"Mumps!" shouted his uncle. To soothe his temper, I handed him a dish of Miss Tobie's toffee and, as everyone did when they ate Miss Tobie's toffee, he reached for more and more. After he had finished it all, he said, "Marvellous! Best I've ever tasted. We could market this. Buy the exclusive recipe. Miss Tobie would sell it. I'm sure.

"I wouldn't advise her to do that!" broke in Tim, who by this time was on Miss Tobie's side. I advise her to let Snappers manufacture the toffee on a large scale—but to demand that she herself

should stay here as she has always done to carry on her own business.'

"Excellent idea!" continued his uncle. "People can come here to see Miss Tobie's toffee made. Yes, my boy, you've got a good business head.'

Then, to crown it all, Miss Tobie was able to buy the shop from Mr. Snapper with the money she got from releasing the recipe, and there was no danger of her having to move.

> MERYL ARNOTT. Grade IX

Intermediate Literary Competition Prize Short Story

One Unwritten Letter

Christina was sprawled across the yellow bedspread, fingering a little wool dog absent-mindedly. Her brother had stuffed it into her already heavily laden arms as she was boarding the train for college.

"To remind you of Scamper," he had said with

an embarrassed grin.

Now Scamper, her brother, and her family were sixty-seven miles away. Christina was here in the dormitory between classes, with the sun streaming

in and splashing a big golden patch around her. Usually, when life looked black, her quick sense of humour would come to her rescue, but today it was not so, and her grey eyes were sad.



OUR NEW SUMMER UNIFORM

For the first time in three days, Christy brought

herself to face her heart-rending problem.

When had it all begun? Five years ago, she thought. She was twelve, playing on a swing in the little park down the street. The wind on her face made her feel deliciously cool in spite of the hot afternoon sun. She swung higher and higher, straining to touch a clump of leaves on the elm tree in front. Once, her foot fell short about three inches, then it was barely one-maybe next

She became aware that someone was watching from below. She put down her feet and they slid over the sand with a grating sound, making a grev cloud of dust rise.

When the swing had slowed down sufficiently, she jumped off and turned. She found herself looking into a pair of big, dark eyes.

"Hullo," she said after a minute. "My name's Christy McMillan. Did you want to swing?"

"My name's May Ellen. We can take turns,"

was the shy reply.

May Ellen was thinner and shorter than Christy. She wore a faded blue dress that was a little too small in spite of her thinness. She had big, very white teeth, and when she smiled, her whole face seemed to light up.

Two hours later they walked back to Christy's house. She wanted to show May Ellen her mother whom she thought very pretty and wise,

and of whom she was very proud.

Mrs. McMillan met them at the door.

"Mummy, this is May Ellen. She . . ." Christy suddenly knew that something was wrong. "How do you do," said her mother in icy tones.

When May Ellen had gone, Mrs. McMillan

came into Christy's room.

"Dear," she began, falteringly, "I haven't seen your friend Susan for a long time. Why don't you invite her to the movies next Saturday? Or maybe Esther, or-

'May Ellen and I were going to have a picnic in the park on Saturday—if it's all right.

'Well, yes-but I really think . . ." Mrs. McMillan sat down on the bed beside Christy, and took both Christy's hands in her own.

"It's just that . . . well . . . May Ellen is probably a very nice child, but in all due respectwell, I think you're old enough to understand."
"No, I don't understand!" Christy cried, yank-

ing her hands away, and she stumbled downstairs

and out the door.

May Ellen was a negro. Christy realized that she was just beginning to understand many things about her mother, and about life in general.

Christy and May Ellen saw each other constantly, but Christy never took her back to her house again. Her mother and she had frequent discussions on the subject, and gradually the friendship became strained. Christy began to avoid her. One day, May Ellen met Christy outside of school.

"We're moving away, Christy—up to Canada. Pa is getting a better job. But we might be able to come for a visit in a couple of years or so, after Pa is settled. You'll write, won't you?"

Christy was ashamed of the relief she felt.

"Of course I'll write," she said.

Somehow there wasn't much time for writing and her letters were written at longer and longer intervals until, three years later, a certain Canadian address never appeared on any of her envelopes.

Two days before Christy was to leave for University, she and five friends were walking along the street. It was a warm August evening. The air smelled sweet, and all was wonderfuluntil a low voice spoke almost into her ear.

"Hullo, Christy."

She turned to the speaker slowly, her heart in her throat. May Ellen stood alone in the shadow of the building. She was still too thin, but beautiful nevertheless. Her full lips were slightly parted, showing those big, white teeth. Her large, dark eyes mirrored happiness, and then confusion, as Christy's own eyes dropped. There was a breathless hush over the entire crowd. Christy turned and walked slowly away, the others following silently.

"Friend of yours?" someone asked.

"No. Just someone I met along the way," Christy replied, but her voice trembled. She turned in at her gate, glad that no one could see the tears that were threatening to overflow. She knew her heart would never let her forget the wrong she had done one of the sincerest friends she could ever have.

Now at college she knew the only way she could ease her conscience would be to write a long apologetic letter in which she could pour out her true feelings. But she also knew that May Ellen was bewildered, and hurt, and would never understand.

The bell rang, jarring Christy into the present. With a sigh, she rose, gathered her books, and left the room, with a letter written in her heart that would never be written on paper.

> LOUISE MCKENTY, Grade X

Variations on the Theme of Silence

How would we react if we were suddenly transported from a world of noise, song, and laughter, and sound, to one of incomprehensible silence—one where there would be no drop of sound to ring its circles through the ear and mind? Would we ignore it, be startled by it, learn to live with it, or hate it?

Perhaps we might come across a shell-strewn sea-shore and see the waves roll up the beaches and retreat one moment, then heave into the air and

flatten mightily in foam the next. Yet we have not heard the change in mood in the thunder and crash or pleasant gurgle. Would it be unnatural? Still we wander on apace, now away from the sea, over crisp stubble fields, through pungent marshes. Can we feel the sharp prick of stubble and fail to hear the crackle underfoot, or wade through the sinking marsh without the accompanying squelch of sodden mud, algae, and decaying weeds? On the mind's ear would come back still the expected sound with every step. Our amazement has not really begun; noise is too fresh in our memory.

Soon a city unfolds momentarily around us. Spinning wheels race by, shops throng, mouths of the vendors open, contort, then close. There is the flurry and movement of hasty feet, the swerving autos, jolting stops. And sound? None. It rings back less and less now. There, in an office, fingers fly over a myriad of keys and all too familiarly we hear the rat-tick-tat. Then we are jolted. Of course we have not heard it—there is no sound—it was only the sharp hammer in our temples. In all haste we seek to escape.

Suddenly on the far sky-line grey billows burst in a spray of purple and red, die down, only to be followed by a double spray. Then there is the outline of a black cannon against a raging sky, and we understand. A mighty bird-like machine dives with surprising grace, quivers momentarily and swoops to the west, while below its quiver rises a monstrous mushroom as though uprooted by some giant at play. It spreads and billows, and debris hurtles to either side, and we know the air must be rent with the echo of the blast, yet to our ears comes only the silence, and to our eyes, tears from the dust. Under the cover of ugly clouds of exploding earth, where no ray of sun can penetrate, the blaze and gleam of guns, cannon, and grenade, light the darkness with their eerie flame. We see the fallen and the dead, and the agony of those passing on stretchers as their faces twist in pain, and from their mouths, crying to us, comes only silence, a silence for which for once we are glad. Our eyes shut with the bitter hurt; we pass on, for we cannot look where we cannot hear.

Now, in a fireplace of warm stone, tangy spruce blazes in the home of some family. We see in the arc of its glow the children reading aloud from a story book, their intent faces filled with another light of another world. As their mouths shape the words, their eyes echo the joy or sadness of each syllable, and they are oblivious to all else around them. Though we cannot know what it is they say, we feel yet as they, and through the barrier of silence, understanding has not failed to win a path. And though it is strange, it is not unrewarding.

Yet when we hear laughter, kind words, or "earth's music", are we glad that we hear, and that we are not in the soundless realm of the deaf?

We are in different worlds with a world between, for we know sound.

SIGNE SALZBERG, Grade XI

(This essay was written as part of a Composition examination.)

Napoleon

Small in stature, broad in mind, For fame he fought; Whatever knowledge he could find He wasted not.

His first love was a merchant's child; He planned to wed; Then one richer, fairer, on him smiled, And turned his head.

Then vows were made and he received New-found distinction, And quickly men of France perceived His great ambition.

Treating life as 't were a game He always won, This once poor man arose to fame And paused for none.

In his hands the fate of France He strongly bore; And yet he moved as in a trance, Engulfed in war.

Now cast he aside his fair Empress: Childless was she: And chose instead an Austrian Princess His bride to be.

But his greatest dreams could never last; They had to end, And his foundations crumbled fast, Nor did they mend.

Banished was he to a distant island, And there he dwelt Until across his brow the hand Of death he felt.

And so he died; 'mais sans peur' He lived his life, Hearing the cry, "Vive l'Empereur!" Reward his strife.

Donna Day Washington, Grade XI



The Day of the Snowstorm

The day started just like all school days, with everyone rushing to get dressed. No one has time to look out of the window before breakfast in our house.

Dad was the first one to notice, and when he told us that nine inches of snow had fallen during the night, we all left the table to see it.

Then came the question. "Dad, are we going

to school?"

"No," he replied, "I don't see how we could possibly get through."

"Hurray!" We all started to dash upstairs,

intending to leap back into bed.

"Oh, no, you don't!" Mother called. "This is the very kind of day I've been looking for."

We knew what that meant—tidying cupboards, cleaning out clothes closets, and ironing.

And that was the way we spent the day you dream of—the day that school is closed because of snow.

I, for one, hope we don't have another snowstorm for a long time.

> BARBARA ALEXANDER, Grade VIII



The Picnic

Cold drops of dew fell on Linda's back as she threaded her way through the willows near the water's edge. Wet reeds clung to her blue jeans. "Flip! Flip!" she called, "Come here, Flip!" Mist was rising from the river, and insects buzzed in the warm morning sunshine.

Soon her mother would call her to breakfast, and she had not yet found her dog. He must have been frightened away by last night's scolding from Aunt Sarah. Suddenly, a black and white streak flashed among the trees, and her scrambling, furry pet knocked her to the ground. She had just got to her feet when she heard Aunt Sarah rasping, "Linda! Where are you? Merciful heavens, child, will you come to breakfast!"

"Will Aunt Sarah never go home?" thought Linda as she trudged up the long flight of wooden steps toward the cottage. "Just because of her, I have to go to the opera instead of to the beachparty!" Linda had just finished her third piece of toast when her father said, "Nice day for a canoe trip? Let's have lunch at Bell's ferry."

"Marvellous idea!" said Mother. "Isn't it,

Sarah?

"If it doesn't rain," sniffed my aunt.

Linda said nothing. She liked canoeing, but she did not like the idea of spending the day with Aunt Sarah.

They were almost ready to shove off. Linda was climbing into the bow.

"Oh! You're not taking that thing?" gasped

Aunt Sarah, pointing to Flip.

"Perhaps you had better leave him at home, dear. The boat is a little crowded." Mother's inflection was clear.

Linda told Flip to "go home", but he only cringed and stayed where he was. Snatching his collar, she vanked him up the steps.

"Don't you dare turn it loose in the cottage!" Aunt Sarah's voice sounded like a key turning in a rusty lock.

Linda found a length of rope and hastily tied

the dog to the woodshed.

Once more sitting in the bow, Linda dipped her paddle lazily into the water. Her father was doing only enough paddling to keep them in midstream and drifting with the current. Everyone was enjoying the trip until they approached a stretch of white water. Aunt Sarah began to fidget.

"Jim, those rocks look pretty dangerous," she said. "D-do you think we ought to go through

here?"

"Now, Sarah, there's nothing to be afraid of."
Dad's reassuring words did not calm Aunt
Sarah. As the canoe neared the first of the rocks,
she stood up, shrieking, and flailing her arms. The
canoe lurched sideways, smashing the bow under
Linda's feet. A sudden shock of cold water hit
her as she was hurled into the water. Kicking
to the surface, she clutched a slimy rock. Even
though she was always complaining of stiff joints,
Linda saw that Aunt Sarah was spry enough now.
She was scrambling over the slippery rocks on all
fours. Mother was wading cautiously through the
shallow water. Soon Dad was pulling them all
up onto the bank.

"There goes the canoe," he said, noticeably controlling his temper. "Now we'll have to walk

home.'

"I suppose we will," replied Aunt Sarah icily. They had not gone far when Dad, who was in the lead, stopped. "We are following a bend in the river," he said. "Would it not be better to go straight through the woods?"

They were all cold and hungry, and they readily agreed to this plan. Leaving the river, they started off through the woods. It seemed to Linda that they had been walking for ages when they sat down to rest.

Suddenly she pointed. "Dad," she faltered. "haven't we passed that red rock before?" Giving a closer look, the others realized that Linda was right.

"Really, Jim!" Aunt Sarah cried. "First you

tried to drown us; now you've got us lost!"
"Sarah," Dad replied evenly, "I've had just about enough of you. It's your fault we're in this mess. Anyhow, this is no time to argue."

"Why, why-

Aunt Sarah's spluttering was cut off by Mother. "Hush!" she said. "There is something moving in those bushes.

Just as Mother pointed, with a trembling hand, to a clump of bushes several yards away, a small spotted head peered out from under it.

"Flip!" cried Linda, running to her pet. "Isn't that a big, frightening animal?" asked Dad, smiling at Mother. He seemed greatly relieved. "He must have wriggled out of his collar. What say we follow him home?

Late in the afternoon of the day after the "picnic", Linda stepped outside the back door to feed Flip. She sat on the steps and watched, enjoying the peaceful sunshine. Aunt Sarah had left on the morning train.

"Mom," she called, letting the screen door bang behind her as she re-entered the house, "are my slim-jims clean? I want to wear them to the

beach-party.'

PATRICIA McMAHON. Grade IX

Growing Up

It is quite strange just how time flew So long ago when I was two The thin white bars about my crib And picture stories on my bib. Noddy, a brown bear I still adore Was given to me when I was four. I was five when school began; And off I set with school bag tan. At six—it hardly seems the truth— A flower girl I was for Ruth. The next year, and this with hesitation, I had the tonsil operation. At eight, class president I became Which at first I thought a game; The literary competition at ten I won— I found writing poetry was great fun. I waited long and then did gloat When I saw my first tweed riding coat; Beige, brown, and yellow, extremely gay, And wrapped up for my twelfth birthday. Life so far has been good to me, But beyond the present I cannot see. If all goes well, I wish, I hope To use a doctor's stethoscope.

JOAN SELLERS, Grade VII

Musicians

Would you like to be a musician And play the organ or flute? Would you like to be a musician And give all the horns a toot?

Would you like to be a musician And play the trumpet or harp? Would you like to be a musician And play tunes which sound like the lark?

Would you like to be a musician And play the oboe or tuba? Would you like to be a musician And play in France or Cuba?

Would you like to be a musician And play the lute or cello? Would you like to be a musician And play notes both round and mellow?

I'd love to be a musician Sing songs that sound like the lark: I'd make music for all to hear From morning until it was dark.

> CHERYL HOWAT. GradeVII



A JUNIOR SINGING CLASS WITH MRS. BIRSE

Lily and Her Flute

Lily Mason looked out of the taxi cab window. She gave a little sigh. How she wished she were back at home! In front of her was Murphy Hall, the new school she was to attend.

"Hi," said a welcoming voice, "I am your roommate, Polly. Come on down to the store."

"No, thanks; later, maybe. I want to go to the parcel desk.

"Then I shall see you later," said Polly and she skipped out of the room with two other girls, Joan and Sue, close behind her.

Lily hurried over to the package desk. Having found that her flute had come, she went to the

music hall to practise.

It took about a week for everybody to settle down. A month later, everybody felt that she had been at school for years.

As time went by, Polly and her friends grew very curious about Lily. She never went any-

where with the others.

"There's something awfully odd about her." said Polly one day. Then Joan said, "She thinks that she's special; she goes around in a world of

"Yes, but why doesn't she go to games, and

why does she go to the city so often?

The girls were determined to find out where Lily disappeared to, and why. Once Sue asked her, "Lily, will you go to the games with me on Friday?"

'I'm sorry, I can't," was the reply.

"Oh," said Sue, disappointed that she hadn't found out anything. "Are you doing anything on Saturday?" she asked.

'Yes, I have a lesson," answered Lily, and she was gone before Sue could ask her what she had

lessons in.

Months passed. Lily liked Murphy Hall and was the top of her class, yet something important was missing. She still had no real friend. The girls were friendly enough, but they were losing interest because she never did anything they did.

Just before the Christmas holidays every dormitory was buzzing with excitement over the examinations and plans for the holidays. On the last day of the term a big party was held, at which some of the girls provided the entertainment.

Everybody was there, wearing lovely gowns and fancy jewellery. Near the end of the programme, the Professor of Music rose and addressed the students. "It is my pleasure," he began, "to introduce a young student who plays in the Symphony Orchestra of Watson City-Miss Lily Mason!"

Murmurs of surprise rose from the students. Then a hush followed as the curtain drew aside and Lily started to play on her flute. The beautiful notes floated through the room. Lily held her audience in enchantment.

Then she stopped and gracefully laid her hands in her lap. The audience broke into thunderous applause.

"I have never heard anything so beautiful!"

exclaimed Polly.

'Why did you not tell us?" asked Joan. "I'm glad you didn't," said Sue. 'It's much more exciting to find out this way!"

KATHLEEN CURRY, Grade VII Spring

Spring is the loveliest season of all: When the cold winter snow has ceased to fall. It is pleasant to feel the fresh spring air, Cheering your spirits, and ruffling your hair. The sun shining down soon melts the snow, And little sprouts peep from the earth below. Scarves and mittens disappear. For it is spring and summer is near. As the snow melts, there are puddles galore, And muddy footprints cover the floor. The sparrows are chirping; soon birds will sing, For winter is over, and now it is spring.

> JULIA BERRY, Grade IX

These I Love

In thoughtful mood, I muse on my loves-The wind through my hair on a hot summer's day, The foam of fresh milk, the sweet smell of hay, A wisp of smoke disappearing above.

Ah yes, these I love.

The feel of soft fur behind a dog's ear. The threatening thunder as it roars in warning Among happy birds which twitter all morning, As I walk through the woods, the graceful dove. Ah yes, these I love.

The damp wet nose of an inquisitive kitten. The family gathering around the hearth, The crackling fire, and rich black earth, A fresh April shower sent from above. Ah ves, these I love.

KAREN JONES, Grade XI

Handle With Care

Laconto Girls' Camp was on the American and Canadian border. The campers had just been there one week, but June and Deborah had been there the summer before, and knew the place well.

"Let's sneak down to the old creek and go

swimming," Deborah suggested.
"Good idea. I'll take a few oranges in case
we get hungry," added June.
It was one o'clock. The moon glowed, sending mysterious shadows over hill and wood. girls crept out of their cabin and set off down the path. After walking about half a mile, Deborah suddenly snatched June's arm.

"Listen," she whispered.

A branch snapped a few feet away.

"Maybe it's our camp leader," whispered June. Her guess was wrong. A heavily-built man, wearing a dark suit, with a hat pulled over one eye, rushed past, not noticing the girls behind the thick bushes.

"I wonder what he is doing at this hour in the morning. It looks fishy. Let's follow him,'

Deborah whispered.

The girls followed the man, now noticing a paper bag clutched under his arm.

"Maybe he is a smuggler, carrying precious stones over the border," Deborah suddenly said.

"Isn't this exciting!" added June.

The man approached an old shack from which smoke curled lazily through a piece of metal pipe which served as a chimney.

After the man had entered the hut, the girls crouched against the wall, straining to hear the conversation of two obviously angered men.

"I can't go on carrying this over the border all the time. You ought to pay me more," one man

argued.

"Look," the other said roughly, "I pay you more than enough. You never get here on time, anyway. You'd better speak to Joe about it; he is boss."

"I will!" was the reply.

"Hey! Be careful. If you drop it, Bill, I won't pay you at all!" one man shouted.

"It's too hot, I tell you!" Bill protested.

"Oh, stop complaining. Just be here with the next lot at six."

The door opened with a loud creak and then was slammed. The girls hid themselves just in time.

"Let's go back to camp and tell our camp leader. We might get a reward for capturing famous smugglers," said June excitedly.

They ran back to camp and related their ad-

venture to a sleepy counsellor.

"All right, girls, we will go there now, and settle this matter. I doubt if these are dangerous men, but just in case, we will take Mr. Thomas, the old Mountie."

Mr. Thomas was a kindly soul, always ready to help the campers in their troubles. When he had heard the story, he set off to gather a group of his buddies, stopping only to arm himself with his old rifle, Josephine.

"Yep, I never go anywhere without good old

Josie," he boasted.

The party arrived at the shack just as the sun crept over the horizon. Mr. Thomas ordered his pals to surround the place quietly, and told the girls to take refuge behind the trees.

After a while, a figure appeared, carrying another paper bag, and entered the hut. Mr. Thomas waited a moment, then walked boldly to

the shack and went inside.

"Hand it over, boys!" he bellowed.

The men spun round in astonishment and faced the old Mountie, but seeing "Josephine" pointing at them, they held out the package without a word.

Mr. Thomas ordered one of his men to empty the contents carefully on to the floor. The two captives exchanged a quick glance as the old fellow creaked to his knees. In tense silence, he tipped out one thermos bottle, two hard-boiled eggs and a sandwich.

GAIL LONG, Grade VIII

The Things I Love

The things I love are myriad—
The exotic tone of chinese bells;
The foreign sounds of a tongue which tells
To me nothing; my mohair rug;
The smooth fine lines of a pottery jug;
Walking alone in the misty gloom
By the sea at night; my room,
With books and music; my father's tweeds;
Waking up; and my mother's beads
As they click together; running up
A hill; my light blue china cup. . . .
Yes, the things I love are myriad.

SHIRLEY DONALDSON, Grade XI



BASKETBALL GAME IN PROGRESS

OUR JUNIORS



IN KINDERGARTEN WE ARE LEARNING TO DRESS OURSELVES

The Magic Kettle

Once there was a kettle that no one had heard of. It was silly, it was foolish, and also it was magic. Poor kettle. Do you know why it was magic? Because it turned yellow and green and blue. "Wooooo", sang the kettle. It boiled tea so hot that Mrs. Fund screamed so hard that the house shook. The dog had warm milk made out of the kettle. He barked and screamed and yelled. "Ha, Ha, Ha! I fooled you! I am too hard on you", sang the kettle. "Y-y-y-y-yes, you are t-t-t-too hard." "Do not stutter," screamed the kettle.

Mrs. Fund had had enough. She threw the kettle on to the floor. It broke into pieces and that was the end of it. Mrs. Fund lived happily ever after.

Beverly Knight, Grade I

A Close Shave

Once upon a time there was a man who did not know what shaving cream was, so he took some hand lotion instead. He shaved and shaved but he just smelled nice. One day he found the right kind of cream. Then he needed a razor blade. He put lots and lots of cream on his face. Some of the cream got in his eyes when he shaved his face so he shaved his head. It took three months for his hair to grow. He was very glad when it did.

Martha Pennock, Grade II

Winter

It's snowing; it's snowing! Lots of clouds are showing; The trucks plough the snow, So to school we may go.

> DEBORAH RILEY, Grade II

The Bee

One, two, three, I saw a little bee; He hid behind a tree.

Four, five, six, Then he did some tricks.

Seven, eight, nine, He came to me, And then he was mine.

> LORRAINE MURRAY, Grade I

Hurry

Hurry, hurry, don't be slow; Then you'll be first in the row. Run, run, very fast; Then you never will be last.

> Judith Goodman, Grade II

Bed Time

Every night at eight o'clock I get undressed for bed; I get into my white nightgown And then lay down my head.

I shut my eyes and bow my head Before I say my prayers; Then I'll hear my mummy's steps Coming up the stairs.

She'll kiss me gently on my brow, And then she'll say, "Goodnight, And I hope that in the morning In school you will be bright."

> VICKI GRIFFITHS, Grade IV

If I Were A Frog

If I were a frog, I'd sit on a log And whistle and croak in the sun; For life is a chore and really a bore If you try to get all your work done.

If I were a frog, I'd sit on a log And really enjoy the sun; For before you know it or even show it, Life's over before it's begun.

CATHERINE HAMILTON, Grade IV

Mussy the Mouse

When Mussy went to the house of the mice, What did her green eyes see? A mouse that was fat, A mouse that was thin, And a mouse that was pudgy like me.

LYNNE CATLEY, Grade IV

On the Farm

Once I lived on a farm. My brother and sisters played with the animals and so did I. We had lots of fun until another pet came. It was a monkey and her name was Polly. Polly was a funny pet. She jumped on to the dog's back, and the dog barked. Once she got a pail of water and poured it on the flowers. Sometimes she jumped on someone's back and pretended that he was her horse. She did all sorts of things that made everyone laugh at her.

Martha Greatrex, Grade III

Funny Kathy

I have a little sister; Her name is Kathy Ann. Her best toy to play with Is mummy's bright new pan.

> JANE DOIDGE, Grade II



IN GRADE ONE WE ARE LEARNING TO WRITE



GRADE TWO-SINGING "I SEE YOU".

The Further Adventures of Pippi Longstockings

One bright morning in Vilia Viliakulia, Pippi awoke, and felt something exciting was going to happen. She woke up Mr. Nelson, her monkey, and dressed him. Then she went to call on Tommy and Annika. They invited her to school to try to add or subtract. She accepted, but she said she wasn't sure whether the teacher would like it because of what she had done the last two times she was at school. After she arrived at school she sat down in an empty desk. When the teacher came in she was horrified to see Pippi. Then Pippi said, "Good morning, Miss Hick," in the most polite manner she knew.

The teacher got up and said crossly, "For the tenth time, my name is not Miss Hick. It is Miss Hickory."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," said Pippi ashamedly.
"Then I forgive you," said Miss Hickory.
"Now then, is everyone here? Where is Tommy?"

"Here I am," said Tommy.
"Pippi, you may share with Annika," said
Miss Hickory.

"Oh thank you, Miss Hick," said Pippi happily.

Then the trouble began. Everyone in the whole classroom started quarrelling because they all wanted Pippi to sit beside them.

Then Pippi said, "I know. Every ten minutes I'll sit with a different person." It was agreed and every ten minutes Pippi moved. An hour and a half later it was recess and they all went out to play. When the higher grades came out, a big boy named Bingt came too. He was the one all the little children were afraid of. He and his

gang started to fight Tommy. This Pippi did not like. So she went over and said, "Don't you know it is not fair to fight five against one, and if you don't stop I'll start fighting you." Bingt and his gang paid no attention to Pippi, and so she began to fight. She picked Bingt up by the hair and twirled him around twice, and then let go. Then she seized two by their shirts and threw them up into the basketball hoops. After that she picked the last two up by their ankles and dragged them along the grass until she got to the garbage cans. Then she opened the lids and dropped the two bullies into the cans.

By this time all the teachers and children were gathered around. The principal gave her a medal and the whole school was happy except Bingt and his gang.

PATRICIA PENNOCK, Grade V

In The Pool

There were two turtles
That lived in a pool,
With twenty small fish
That swam in a school,
And millions of beetles
That shone like a jewel,
In the water so deep
So clear and so cool.

Nancy Sym, Grade V

The Rabbit and the Mouse

One day an old rabbit saw a mouse trying to pull in a big fish. The rabbit asked if he could help the mouse. The mouse replied, "No! I'm stronger than the fish; I can pull it in by myself."

So the rabbit went away and found something to do elsewhere. The mouse pulled and pulled. He used all his strength. He was getting weak, and when he was not looking, the fish pulled him into the water. He called, "Help! Help! Someone help me!"

The rabbit heard the mouse's cry. He ran to help him, but he arrived just in time to see the mouse disappear under the water.

Moral: Do not throw away your elders' help.

LYNN TRIMBLE, Grade V

Marco Polo

Marco Polo, a Venetian he, Travelled afar o'er land and sea; Away he went to Eastern lands, Across mountains, valleys, plains, and sands.

When he arrived at the Khan's great palace, He showed the guards that he bore them no malice; The guards then said, "Come in now and see Kubla Khan, king of highest degree."

After spending some years with the Khan, He had yearnings to return to his own native land; So after getting the kind king's consent,

With father and uncle, back to Venice he went.

KATHRYN NEILSON, Grade V

The Magic Kettle

A long time ago when people were very poor, there was a family named Bell. The boy's name was John, the girl's Judy, and the baby was called Arla. Each one of the family always tried to help others, even Arla who was only a year old.

Mother said, "Oh dear, I'd like to get a kettle, but I don't have enough money." Then the children cried out, "We will give you money, Mother." The children all gave their money to their mother. Off Mother went to get the kettle. When she returned she made them all porridge. Everybody said, "M-m, the porridge is good." Mother said, "I hope you like it, because we have to have it for every meal."

Then they all went for a walk. By the time they got home it was lunch time. Mother put the kettle on. To their surprise, on the table was soup, pancakes, milk and coffee so that was what they had for dinner. From then on they had all the food they needed because the dear little kettle was magic.

Marcia Glazerman, Grade IV

The Two Cats

There was once a very proud cat whose name was Bing. He lived in a big house with his brother called Squirt, who was humble and quaint.

One day in early May, their master set out a bowl of cat food and Bing came up to it. He sniffed it and then walked off. Then up came Squirt. He began to eat it at once. Bing came back and meowed and meowed, but there was no food left. Moral: Eat what is put in front of you for there will be no more.

GAIL TUCKER, Grade V

Gertrude's Hats

Gertrude was the most fashionable lady in Pugwash. Every time she was sad she bought a new hat. She was so sad she had two thousand five hundred and six hats. Everyone in the city thought she had all the hats that had ever been made. There was not one woman who had a hat the same as hers. In fact none of the lady folk wore hats.

One day there came a pedlar to the lonely town selling hats. When he came to Gertrude's house he had only one hat left. Gertrude thought it was the loveliest hat she had ever seen, but little did she know that the pedlar had sold a hat exactly the same as that to every lady in town.

One morning all the ladies, including Gertrude, decided that they would wear their new hats to the town square. When Gertrude saw the other women and they saw her they all chased the pedlar far past the city limits.

By the time Gertrude had reached home she had lost all faith in hats. Since she would not wear them any more she decided to open a hat shop. She bought a license to run the store and a red sign which said in huge letters, "Gertrude's Hats," but in small printing, "They are all second hand."

The mayor's wife who never bought anything second-hand bought one tenth of the hats in the store. Gertrude married the mayor's son, and their daughters have run the only hat shop in Pugwash ever since.

LYNN TAYLOR, Grade VI

Mrs. Herman Little

Balmoral Hall has been saddened by the recent death of Mrs. H. Little, who for more than twelve years was a primary teacher at Riverbend School and at Balmoral Hall. She will long be remembered by her many students for her efficient teaching, her quiet dignity and her unselfish interest in their welfare.



GRADE THREE IN THE JUNIOR LIBRARY

The Stranger

One cold, dark, wintry night in 1834, in the village of Horse Head, a family was sitting around

a small fire.

This was the Jenkins family. Mrs. Jenkins sat in a rocking chair, knitting. Mr. Jenkins sat in another rocking chair smoking a very large pipe and reading a newspaper so that you could not see him. The three little Jenkins, Lucy, Cotton and little Wilbert sat in a corner reading to each other. Suddenly, a knock, or rather a bang, came at the door. Mrs. Jenkins dropped a stitch, Mr. Ienkins' glasses hit his pipe and went rolling onto the floor, and Lucy, Cotton and Wilbert ran to their father.

It was very seldom that someone came to anyone's door in Horse Head. If it were a stranger, the children of the village would throw stones at

'Who could it be, my dear?" said Mr. Jenkins, picking up his specs. Mrs. Jenkins went to the door. There, before her, was the queerest sight she had ever beheld.

A man was standing there with a queer black hat on, mauve and green stockings, and an old cloak which was so long he almost tripped over it. His nose was the colour of the Jenkins' brass door knocker.

"Would you care to come in?" asked Mrs. Jenkins, staring at the knocker to see if it were still there.

The stranger nodded.

"May I take your hat and cloak?"

"No thanks, Ma'am," the stranger said gruffly.

"Your bag?" "No, ma'am."

"Would you like a seat by the fire?" Mrs. Jenkins offered.

"No," said the stranger, sitting down in the coldest, darkest corner of the room.

It had grown quite late by this time and the

children went to bed.

"I think I will retire too, my dear," said Mr.

Jenkins with a yawn.

"Would you like a room, sir?" asked Mr. Jenkins.

Again the stranger nodded.

'I will show you the spare room."

"No thanks, ma'am," he said, getting up. "I'll

The next morning, when the family awoke, the stranger was sitting in the same corner.

"Did you sleep well, sir?" Mrs. Jenkins asked sleepily.

The stranger nodded.

"Would you like some breakfast?"

The stranger nodded again.

She felt like turning him out, but something held her back.

"Is he ever going to leave, Mother?" asked

Cotton.

"I hope so," she replied. "Don't talk to him because he is not very polite.'

After dinner that night a very strange thing

From the strange, gruff old man he had been,

he turned into a handsome prince.

"You have been kind to me," he said softly. "No one else in the whole village would take me in. This shiny bark will grant you any wish", he said, pulling a piece of bark from his cloak. "Use it wisely."

The Jenkins never saw this stranger again and they never used the bark, but to this day it is one

of their most treasured possessions.

ELIZABETH BRERETON, Grade VI

Music for Juniors

On Thursday, October 30th, we went to the Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra Concert for Grades Four, Five and Six at the Playhouse Theatre.

At the beginning of the concert the members of the orchestra were introduced by the conductor, Victor Feldbrill. Each musician showed us his instrument and played a short phrase so that we

should learn to recognize the sounds.

Among the six interesting pieces they played was "Danse Macabre", which is better known in English as "The Death Dance", by Saint-Saens. It was a musical story about spirits being summoned by the devil to come up out of their graves as the harp played the twelve strokes of midnight. If we listened carefully, we were able to hear rattling bones, played by the glockenspiel.

There was another good piece taken from "Canada Suite" by Weinzweig. It suggested a train chugging along. The triangle played the bell, and the whistle was made by the trumpet.

We enjoyed the concert very much and were sorry when it was over. It was lovely to listen to such exciting music, and we hope that we will

be able to go again some time.

On the way back from the concert, the bus came into Balmoral Hall's driveway and could not get out again! The trees were in the way, and the bus was too long. However, after some rocks were moved, the bus drove on to the playground, turned round, and went out.

ALIXE HUNT
JANE KIRBYSON
KATHRYN NEILSON
PATRICIA PENNOCK
NANCY SYM

Grade V

The Owl and the Rabbit

Once there was a rabbit who wanted everything he saw. One day a crow went flying by and the rabbit said, "I wish I had a shiny black coat like Mr. Crow."

Then out from a tree popped Mr. Owl, who said, "Would you really like a shiny black coat?"

"Yes, oh yes, Mr. Owl! Do you know how

I could get one?"

"Yes, I do. When you get up in the morning go out and roll over and over in a black mud puddle. Then go to the lake and look at yourself," replied Mr. Owl.

"Oh thank you, Mr. Owl; I will do exactly

what you said," replied the rabbit.

So the next morning he woke up and ran to a mud puddle and rolled over and over in it. Then he ran to the lake to look at himself, and said, "Oh look! How beautiful I am."

He went to show himself to everybody, but when they saw him they ran away, because they were afraid of him. This went on all day. The little rabbit did not like this, so he went to Mr. Owl and asked him if he knew how he could turn white again.

Mr. Owl said, "Go and wash yourself in the

lake.

So the rabbit did, and he turned white again, and always stayed like himself.

Moral: Be satisfied with what you are.

Nancy Sym, Grade V



Junior Hallowe'en Party

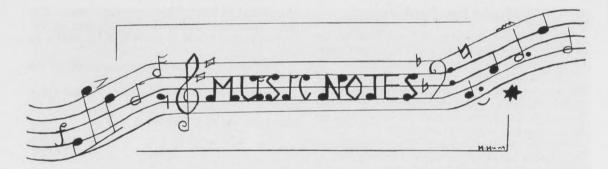
The Junior School was buzzing with excitement on October 31st. The gymnasium had been decorated by the seniors, with black cats, witches, pumpkins, and skeletons. The party began at one-thirty, and Mrs. Sellers, in Scottish costume, was hostess.

Grade VI led the Grand March around the hall twice so we had an opportunity to see all the costumes. Mrs. Sellers then called us up one by one to put our money in the U.N.I.C.E.F. pot and introduce ourselves. There were cats, tramps, odd-looking witches, and scary ghosts, but the costumes I liked best were the bride with high-heeled shoes and bridegroom with a big black hat.

The entertainment began with Grade I carrying cards with letters which formed the word, "Hello". They were followed by the higher grades, each presenting a short entertainment which the guests seemed to enjoy very much. After this, each grade made its own circle, and had cookies and ice cream.

When we were leaving the gymnasium, each of us picked an apple out of a box, then went downstairs to change. We were given a sucker just before leaving, and then we went home.

JANET HARRISON, LAURIE GRANT, RUTH STEWART



Music for Youth

A special "Music for Youth" concert was given in the Auditorium on November 4th. This concert, by the Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra, was an experiment, and replaced the customary afternoon concerts for high school students.

The opening number was The Rackozy March by Berlioz, which was an appropriate choice since November 4th was the second anniversary of the Hungarian revolt. The rest of the programme was varied, and, though composed entirely of classical music, it was made up of favourites. These ranged from Aaron Copland's "Rodeo Suite" to Borodin's Polovtsian Dances which were beautifully sung by the Daniel McIntyre Schola Cantorum.

The soloist for the first movement of Schumann's piano concerto in A minor was Deidre Irons, a thirteen-year-old Winnipeg girl. Her performance was spirited and showed the remarkable control and quality for which she has already been widely acclaimed.

Victor Feldbrill, conductor of the Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra, introduced the programme and gave interesting and informative comments before each item. At the end of the evening, he expressed great pleasure at the apparent success of the concert and indicated that there would probably be other youth concerts later in the year.

Helen Wilson, Grade XII

Music Recitals

Each of the three terms of this school year has provided an informal Music Recital, either in the drawing room or in the gymnasium. Piano pupils of Mrs. Bach and Mrs. Flood have been responsible for most of the programme, but singing by different groups under the direction of Mrs. Birse has been a delightful feature of each recital. No matter whether the groups were formed from an entire grade, as when Grade Two sang, "I See You", or from the Senior Choral Group or The School Choir, the performances have been colourful and enjoyable.

Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra at Balmoral Hall

This year, The Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra has carried on an extensive programme in the city and surrounding districts to increase among young people an interest in "live" music and especially in symphony concerts.

Among six thousand other students we, at Balmoral Hall, had the privilege of hearing a "little symphony" at School. Five members of the Orchestra came on September 19th and gave us a lively selection of semi-classical works, including a medley of well-known songs.

The instruments in the group were the piano, cello, saxophone, violin and double bass, which made a very pleasant sounding group. The informative comments about the pieces, instruments and composers, made by Mrs. W. Guest, Chairman of the Women's Committee of the Orchestra, helped to make the concert interesting and enjoyable for us all.

PAMELA MACCHARLES

The St. Peter High School Choir

On April 17, the choir of St. Peter's High School, St. Peter, Minnesota, honoured us with a half-hour programme of anthems and folk songs. The choir consisted of seventy-two high school students, and was conducted by the choir-master, Mr. Lamar Runestad.

Among the selections, they included three religious songs, "Come and Let Us Worship," by Gretchaninof; "O Spirit, Who From Jesus Came," by Havey, and "O Day Full of Grace," by F. M. Christiansen.

The tone and harmony in the part-songs were delightful, but the conductor pointed out that unison singing is sometimes a sterner test of ability to maintain pitch. In the southern folk-hymn, "Wondrous Love," the choir had the opportunity to show that they could also pass this test.

The concert, which was entirely without accompaniment, ended gaily with "Early One Morning," and we were sorry that it was over so soon.

VALERIE SAUL

The Carol Service

In the absence of Miss Murrell-Wright, the Carol Service this year did not follow the traditional pattern. Instead, an adaptation of the play, "The Inn at Bethlehem", by William J. May, was presented. This Nativity story was interspersed with readings and the singing of carols by a choir chosen from grades nine to twelve, under the direction of Mrs. Birse. The carol "Though Poor be the Chamber", illustrated the reading, "... because there was no room for them at the inn," and the folk tunes, "Bring a Torch" and "The Nightingale", provided a musical background for

the scene at the manger. During the presentation of the children's gifts, the Junior School sang the "Rocking Carol" with warmth and spontaneity. Outstanding among the other carols were the little known "O Jesu Sweet" and "The Nightingale," which were sung by the whole choir.

It was very disappointing for us all that Miss Murrell-Wright was not well enough to be present, but everyone made a special effort to produce a Carol Service worthy of the standards she has set. At the dress rehearsal, a tape-recording of the entire Service was made so that she could listen to it at home.

D. D. W. AND B. N.

SIGNE SALZBERG

Our New School Hymn Book

1959 will be remembered in the history of Balmoral Hall as the year of the new School Hymn Book. In 1950, with the amalgamation of Rupert's Land, an Anglican Church School, and Riverbend, a United Church School, an unusual problem confronted the newly-formed Balmoral Hall. Which Hymn Book should be used? For prayers on opening day, two hymns were chosen, and mimeographed copies made. Each day, two more hymns were added, and gradually, our familiar loose-leaf Hymn Book developed, consisting of one hundred and sixty-one hymns enclosed in green cardboard covers. For eight years these books have been used, and many hours have been spent replacing missing hymns and keeping the covers repaired.

The Board of Governors set up a committee in 1953 to discuss plans for a permanent Balmoral Hall Hymn Book. Since that time the committee has worked to select our favourite hymns, and hymns and prayers for all occasions, to obtain copyrights for them, and to deal with all the matters that are involved

in creating such a book.

On Wednesday, April 15, 1959, a service was held at which the new Hymn Book was first used. The service was opened by Rev. Canon J. C. Clough with a prayer of dedication. Later in the service, Canon Clough, the Chairman of the Hymn Book Committee, and Mr. A. Searle Leach, Chairman of the Board of Governors, related many interesting incidents in the Hymn Book's evolution. Special hymns chosen by the girls were sung during the service, and Rev. Nelson Mercer closed the service with the Benediction.

A grant from the United Church, which is used for religious education, has made it possible for Balmoral Hall to have these books, and while they are the property of the School, each girl has her

own from the time she enters until she leaves.

We are very proud to be the first owners of the Balmoral Hall Hymn Book, one of the common bonds which unite us in fellowship when we join each day in our Morning Service of praise and worship.

HYMN
BOOK

BALMORAL
HALL SCHOOL

"The Old Order Changeth, Yielding Place to New"

LIBRARY REPORT

THE LIBRARY EXECUTIVE 1958-59

Chief Librarian—SHIRLEY DONALDSON

Assistant Librarians:

Sara Allan Jacqueline Duncan Margaret Kosinski Pamela MacCharles Lori McDougall Heather Miller

Library Committee:

Wendy Bracken Carol Cranston Margaret Fisher Lynn Funnell Nancy Webb Lindsay Wiley

Senior Library

The highlight of the Fall Term was Young Canada's Book Week. Special posters, displays, and a Library Quiz stimulated interest in all sections of the Library. The winners of the Quiz were Valerie Saul in the Senior Section, and Suzanne Evans in the Junior.

With the accession of nearly one hundred new books this year, the shelves—as well as the Executive—have been under considerable stress and strain. The accessions were made chiefly in the History and Geography sections. Two Science

film strips have also been catalogued.

The Executive has worked hard and capably to keep circulation running efficiently. They have painted posters, written book reviews, and even learned to repair damaged books. Our most recent effort was the spraying of the new School Hymn Books with a preservative coating of plastic. The Assistant Librarians especially should be commended for the setting and marking of the Library Quiz—a Herculean task!

Gifts to the School

Balmoral Hall once again welcomes this opportunity of extending thanks for the many gifts received this past school year and for contributions to the Prize and Scholarship Fund and the Bursary Fund. We acknowledge gratefully a portable stereophonic record player for the Junior Library, and a television set for the Red House recreation room, both gifts of the Mothers' Auxiliary; a set of prints of famous paintings; curtains for the Red House recreation room. The School is grateful not only for these material gifts which are widely enjoyed, but also for the interest and help of parents and friends in so many of our activities this year.

Junior Library

As in the Senior Library, Young Canada's Book Week was a busy one. Attention was focused on Fairy Tales, Legends and Myths, bringing the well-stocked "398" section into prominence. The girls produced many illustrations and book reports as the result of detailed investigation. A series of maps and posters on Hans Christian Andersen, given by Mrs. H. H. G. Moody, made a colourful display. Dramatic presentations of "Aladdin" by Grade Six and "Mother Goose Forgets" by Grade Two, ended an active week.

During the Easter Term there was a French Week, with a quiz on the titles of our French Books. Jean Riley of Grade Four was the winner.

We should like to thank the Mothers' Auxiliary for the fine portable stereophonic record player which they have presented to the Library. This will also be available for use in the Senior School. In addition, the mothers have made a collection of pictures and clippings for the file in the Junior Library which are being extremely useful.

Again this year the Senior Library Executive has helped the Junior Library in many ways.

We are grateful for the numbers of books given to both Libraries during the year. This generosity coupled with the help and interest of the mothers and so many other people, has helped to make 1958-59 a very successful year.

Shirley Donaldson, Chief Librarian

Dear Sir:-

"Your name has been selected;
You forthwith will be sent
A sample copy, yes, for free,
Of Campbell's Brand New History,
A book without a precedent!
On one condition only
We make this generous offer:
Within the next six months you must
Buy two more books we proffer."

The letter does not end here, no, But I have read enough.
And now I see a postman's life
Must sure be pretty tough:
Through snow and sleet and gloom of night
Struggles the poor man,
Delivering a message which
I file in the garbage can.

Patricia McMahon, Grade IX

IN THE ART STUDIO



Artists at Work

Intriguing sights meet the eye of a visitor to the Art Room. Papier mâché animals, including a kangaroo complete with baby in its pouch, sit jauntily on tables and shelves, and mobiles of fish hang from the windows. On the easels are expert oil-paintings of animals, water colour landscapes and birds, and "abstracts" in pastels and other media.







Among the original features are mosaics made of sections of coloured linoleum on wood frames.



On the walls is a testimony to the creativity of youth. Imaginative portrayals of words and book titles, designs, and home-like scenes, display varying degrees of skill, but real individuality and the obvious enjoyment of the creator.



Le Club Français

Présidente Shirley Donaldson Secrétaire Diane Bishop

Pendant le trimestre de Pâques, on a formé un club français. Cette nouvelle société dans l'école des grandes a eu beaucoup de succès.

Mademoiselle Cook et Madame Dawson ont arrangé les programmes, et les assemblées ont été

tout en français. Beaucoup de filles qui ont voulu parler français y ont assisté.

Comme le club a attiré beaucoup d'élèves, les programmes pour cette année ont été assez variés. Nous avons écouté des disques de chansons populaires françaises et avons essayé d'en chanter quelquesunes aussi. On nous a montré des projections de vues de Paris et d'autres villes de la France. A une autre réunion très agréable, nous avons écouté des extraits enregistrés du *Petit Prince*, histoire charmante d'Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, et des jeux et des devinettes nous ont aussi bien amusées. Une fête dans la salle de récréation a terminé un trimestre intéressant.

On espère que le club français continuera l'année prochaine de recevoir le soutien enthousiaste

des élèves.

DIANE BISHOP, Secrétaire

Qui est-ce?

Cette femme a des cheveux bruns, très longs, plats, et en nattes formant un grand chignon. Elle est petite, très douce et charmante, mais elle a une voix très basse et on doit l'écouter bien pour l'entendre.

Elle a l'énergie d'une jeune fille de dix ans et elle s'intéresse à tout. Quand nous jouons au basketball ou au volleyball ou à quoi que ce soit, elle y assiste toujours, avec beaucoup d'encouragement pour chaque équipe.

Si les pensionnaires ont des difficultés avec leur travail, elle les aide tout de suite sans se plaindre, et elle donne des conseils aux externes aussi, si

elles le veulent.

Quelquefois elle doit être sérieuse et elle nous gronde, mais souvent nous savons que nous le méritons. Comme moi, elle est pensionnaire, car elle ne demeure pas à Winnipeg. Qui est-ce? Naturellement, ce n'est nulle autre que la douce, très occupée et aimable directrice temporaire, Mademoiselle Sharman.

PAMELA MACCHARLES, Grade XI

Un Reve

Une nuit j'ai fait un rêve bizarre. Je reçois une invitation à un bal masqué. Je lis sur l'invitation, "Bal masqué à neuf heures au palais de Buckingham."

J'achète une robe de pierrette. Elle est très jolie. C'est une robe rouge et verte avec un chapeau rouge, et de grands souliers noirs.

Le jour du bal, je dors tout le matin, parce que je sais que je ne vais pas rentrer à la maison avant

trois heures.

J'arrive au palais à neuf heures, et un laquais ouvre la porte. Dans la salle de bal, je danse avec le comte de Dufferin. Puisque je suis la duchesse de Berry tous les messieurs veulent danser avec moi.

A minuit nous mangeons des viandes délicieuses, des gâteaux et des glaces. Je mange, mange, mange . . . Tout à coup j'ai mal à l'estomac, et quand je me réveille je trouve que mon petit chat est sur mon estomac. Malheureusement, le bal masqué—c'est un rêve!

Julia Berry, Grade IX

Le Reve

C'est l'an dix-sept cent quatre-vingt-neuf. Je me trouve sur un vieux lit de bois, dans une pièce sombre; l'unique fenêtre est une grille de fer.

Je saute de mon lit et je vais à la fenêtre. Dans la cour il y a des gens bruyants, et dans le centre est la guillotine. Mon Dieu! Je suis dans la Pastille

Je cours à la porte et j'y frappe. J'entends des pas; quelqu'un s'approche. Une clef tourne dans la serrure. Un de mes amis entre.

"Vite!" dit-il. "Venez avec moi."

Soigneusement nous descendons l'escalier. Un gros homme nous voit. "Halte!" crie-t-il. Nous courons en bas à la rue, où nous nous cachons dans la foule qui est autour de la Bastille. Je cours avec mon ami à une voiture, et nous nous cachons sous un vieux tapis. La voiture roule lentement. Après six heures elle s'arrête et un homme vient demander, "Vos noms, s'il vous plaît."

Un autre homme répond, "Manette." Une pause . . . le premier homme dit, "Très bien, passez!" J'ouvre mes yeux et je me trouve dans mon lit. Je suis encore une fois au Canada en

dix-neuf cent cinquante-neuf.

Suzanne Evans, Grade IX



"Cupid Capers"

"Cupid Capers", our Valentine Dance, fell this year on Friday, the 13th, and the 13th was a lucky day this time. From the beginning, when we had the happy surprise of finding Miss Murrell-Wright receiving the guests, to the end when we managed to save our handsome decorations from admiring souvenir hunters, we felt that luck was with us.

The decorations were again built around the fine red mobiles of cupids and hearts with the large gold cupid in the centre, but there was an original touch this year, consisting of a shower of balloons which fell from a network of red and white streamers towards the end of the evening.

The supper as usual was delicious and enjoyed at leisure in the Common Room. The punch was very refreshing and made from someone's "secret recipe".

As we look back on a memory of flowing dresses and glowing faces, and hear strains of Jack Shapiro's orchestra, we recall a very happy event.

CYDNEY BURRELL

The Christmas Dinner

Our annual Christmas Dinner, held on December 18, as usual a festive occasion, was made even more exciting by the unexpected visit of Miss Murrell-Wright whom none of us had seen since the previous June.

After a hearty sing song in the Common Room, staff and girls proceeded eagerly to the

dining room, now miraculously transformed, where all enjoyed a delicious Christmas dinner by candle-light. Continuous chatter, laughter and the popping of crackers showed the complete delight of all present.

After dinner, while the staff retired to the staff-room, the boarders and Prefects, still in festive mood, returned to the Christmas Tree in the Common Room and gifts were opened. It was decided that our Christmas Dinner had been a great success.

PAMELA MACCHARLES

Ballet

Two Balmoral Hall students made their professional debuts with the Royal Winnipeg Ballet Company during this season. Dee Dee Washington danced in "Pasticcio" in October, and Caroline Damerell in "Finishing School" in January. We therefore felt a special interest in the Company's visit to the school in the spring.

On a Monday afternoon in March we gathered in the gymnasium where we saw the Company's director, Arnold Spohr, instruct eight of the dancers in an interesting display of fundamental exercises and "combinations". The afternoon was concluded by a vividly interpreted and exciting excerpt from "Le Jazz Hot", danced by Marina Katronis.

Everyone thoroughly enjoyed the programme and the audience, as well as the dancers, were kept "on their toes" by sudden questions interjected by Mr. Spohr.

Pamela MacCharles

White House Notes

Eleven bells and all is well—or is it? Tossing and turning in bed, Mrs. Evans is having a pro-

phetic dream.

The year is 1969—an exciting one in the world of sport. At a special ceremony, three now-famous B.H. girls are honoured. Karen receives the women's top basketball award, Lori is recognized as the Olympic Champion for the 3-minute mile, and Val, with splitting sides, has attained a place in the Hall of Fame—winner of the laughing Marathon!

Mrs. Evans' dream carries her home to England and an evening at Sadlers Wells. Dee Dee, Margot and Margaret have leading roles. To think this is the result of all those early dinners! Another evening and another concert—the Premiere Performance of the Lynn Lake Orchestra, under the

direction of Fran and Marj.

The scene shifts to an exclusive Dior Salon in Paris. Mrs. Evans immediately recognizes Lynn's slim figure—always the envy of the White House. A sudden barrage of French comes from the commentator. Why, it is Shirley! All those French letters must have improved her vocabulary!

Crossing a hemisphere, Mrs. Evans finds herself in Africa. She chuckles as she sees great oil tycoon, Carole Ann, in conference with her top geologist, Marg McDiarmid, and the company's best guide, Helen Smith, famed explorer of the

wilds of Africa.

Even as she laughs, she becomes aware of a steady drone. She is on a luxury airliner en route to London. Pam, the petite stewardess, is using her medical knowledge to calm an upset passenger whom Mrs. Evans recognizes as Margaret Kosinski, the well-known Canadian poet. Beside her sits Helen Wilson, now a celebrated concert pianist on her way to take part in a command performance. Laughter rocks the plane. The source? As usual it is Margot Cross, one of several disc jockeys on their way to a world wide D.J. Convention.

As Mrs. Evans rolls over in bed, the scene changes to a forest reserve in Northern Alberta. Marilyn, now a forest ranger, chats with Fresh Air Inspector Bernice Prodor, of the Alberta Govern-

ment.

Back to Balmoral! As usual, there is someone sick in the infirmary and House Mother Pam Stewart rushes in to chase out unwelcome visitors. In the office, Penny is typing furiously. She is such an efficient secretary. Down the corridor floats the stern voice of Noreen, "Miss Young", to her pupils. Will she never be rid of extra French lessons?

Suddenly Mrs. Evans wakes up with a start—was it all a fantastic dream? Only time will tell!

CAROLE ANN CORY HELEN SMITH SHIRLEY DONALDSON PAMELA MACCHARLES



Red House Passengers Only

"Flight 71, now leaving Toronto. All aboard, please!" Clutching a pink box of curlers, Liz becomes the first passenger. The plane then soars above the lakes of northern Ontario to Kenora where Rose and Linda, transistor in hand, climb aboard to the tune of "Pink Shoelaces".

Our next port of call is San José, Costa Rica. Georgia dashes across the runway dragging her overnight bag from which peeps a corner of dainty pink lace. We then fly north to Vernon, B.C., where Elaine, and of course, Bill's picture joins the

happy gang.

At Edmonton we halt for a while for Elsa, with her pile of "Girl" magazines, and Barb Shields and Claudia with their huge stuffed pets. A short hop to Calgary for Cindy who is showing Judy her family pictures on the runway. Our passengers from Lethbridge and Regina are gloomy. Sue's china frog was broken during the holidays and Patsy is missing her cats. Dora, a red neckerchief adorning her outfit, is ready to jump on in Saskatoon. After a rough journey to Prince Albert, we pick up Cecilia, carrying "Dief's" scrapbook.

Our northern stops include The Pas for Gayle, Lynn Lake for Marnie and Eskimo Point for Lily. Between their batons, sore feet, and boxes of food, we begin to feel crowded. Lynne joins us at Oak

Lake, with a new iron under her arm.

We suffer a bumpy landing in a field at Mac-Gregor, where we find Jackie, "theory" book in hand. Edith and Elvis' picture, our Portage passengers, are just seated when we reach Carman. Here, we are held up because Barb's pills fell out of her bag, Val has forgotten her eyelash curlers, and Ditte has lost one of her Jacks.

Carol is waiting at Homewood, bobby pins and all, and we make our last hop to Winnipeg where Rosalind, with Deirdre by the hand, greets us with a grin. At last, the family is complete, and we set

off together for the Red House.

SUZANNE EVANS, JAQUELINE LYE



BALLATER HOUSE

THIRD ROW—G. Rice, L. McKenty, K. Jones, S. Salzberg, H. Smith, M. Cross, A. Sellers, B. Prodor, L. Pitt, L. Wiley, J. Berry, E. Hyde, N. Turner, V. MacDuff, J. Lye, E. Alexander, J. Thorkelsson, S. Donaldson (Head of House).

SECOND ROW—L. Colville, S. Catley, M. Fisher, C. Nairn, B. Alexander, R. Allison, M. Chant, J. Sellers, C. Smith, J. Moody, D. Dempster, L. Leach, N. Young.

FIRST ROW—S. Dawson, G. Tucker, S. Bracken, L. Catley, K. Neilson, M. Wiley, D. Craib, H. Campbell. ABSENT—B. Gillespie, S. Alexander, A. Bullmore, J. Sutherland, A. McLean, M. Lone.

BALLATER HOUSE

Dear Ballaters,

As your House Head this year I have learned many things—most important is that Ballater is a house filled with willingness and good sportsmanship, but also, that Ballater is *not* a house of angels!

You, Juniors, in particular, have been so eager. Our placing first in the skating races was largely your doing, and even on occasions when we did not take the lead, you have shown that you wanted Ballater to be "into everything".

Sports' Day was an especially concentrated house effort. Do you remember running off those heats? Your achievements that day gained second place for us. The volleyball team distinguished itself by trailing the winner by only five points. Basketball, however, was our greatest triumph as we won with the loss of only one game. For obvious reasons, we will pass quickly over the subject of broomball!

At the moment, the baseball teams are practising hard, and we have high hopes for the swimming meet later in the term.

The Literary Competition was another Ballater victory with Signe, Louise McKenty, and Julia as our "Literary Lights".*

This, the basketball, and a generally high standard in all activities, gave us the highest house standing of the second term. Ballater, I was never so proud!

It has been a happy and successful year. It could never have been so without the help of Helen, our Secretary, and Barbara Gillespie, Sports Captain and Emergency Disciplinarian! Encouragement and interest have always been forthcoming from Mrs. Dawson, Miss Cook, Mrs. Coulter, and Miss McMillan, and for this we thank them.

And so Ballater, I say goodbye—and bless you all for making this year so wonderful for me. To next year's House Head, I can only say, "You lucky, lucky girl". Best luck always to all of you,

Much love,

SHIRLEY,

Head of Ballater.

*EDITOR'S NOTE: As you turn the pages of this Magazine, you will find that your House Head is another bright "Light".

BRAEMAR HOUSE

Dear Braemars.

Once again our school year is coming to a close, and as we say our goodbyes, we can think over all the memories of fun we have had together. I have felt proud to be your Head, and it has been an honour which I shall never forget. At the beginning of the fall term we welcomed many new 'Braemarites" who guickly acquired our House Spirit and gradually revealed their many talents.

Now. I would like to say a word to the Juniors. In the fall term you won top Junior honours on Sports Day, and participated in all other events with keen spirit. You gave Braemar valuable points through your skating races, which helped us to place first in Ice Sports. This has been a successful year for you, Juniors, and I do hope that your enthusiasm will lead Braemar to great things

in the future.

Although the Senior "Braemars" have not always been victorious in their games, everyone has tried her hardest. We have been well represented in gymnastics, placing first at Christmas. The Grade VII and VIII girls had skating races, and those who played in the senior broomball competition will no doubt remember the hilarious time we had. This term we have the swimming meet and softball games to keep us busy, and I am

confident that here, too, you will all do your

very best.

At Easter we won a hard-earned first place in academic work, which is an accomplishment we can all be proud of. Many of you contributed to the House by entering both the Literary Competition and Library Quiz. I would especially like to commend Jackie Duncan and Nancy Ann Eaton for their winning contributions to the Literary Competition, both of which you can read in this magazine.

My thanks to Carole Ann Cory, our Secretary and Uniform Monitress; Barbara Blewett, our Sports' Captain, and to Mrs. McEwen, our staff representative, for their invaluable help and advice

throughout this year.

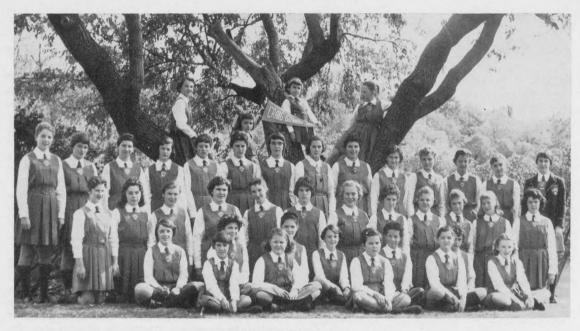
And now, Braemar, before I close, I should like to say a special "thank-you" to each of you for your co-operation, loyal support, and for the privilege of being your House Head. My best wishes to next year's Head; she has a wonderful group of girls to work with. And so, to all who wear the blue pin", Goodbye, Good Luck, and keep up the Braemar Spirit.

> With love, HEATHER. Head of Braemar.



BRAEMAR HOUSE

FOURTH ROW—N. Eaton, D. McNaughton, M. Hawkins, J. Robertson, C. Yates, M. Gooder, Deidre White, B. Blewett, H. Miller (Head of House), J. Evans, E. Gaskell, Dilys White, B. Laycock, M. Gaskell, P. Rogers, E. Henson, B. Shields.
THIRD ROW—C. Damerell, J. Plaxton, P. Stewart, I. Huebert, L. Folliott, J. Knight, C. A. Cory, G. Steele, E. Clough, W. McPherson, L. Taylor, E. Glena, S. Guest, H. Damerell, N. Russell.
SECOND ROW—C. Roblin, M. Murray, S. Riley, J. Kirbyson, J. Vialoux, D. Moore, J. Harrison, L. Grant, J. Clough. FRONT ROW—N. Sym, V. Griffiths, N. Nelson.
ABSENT—N. Baker, J. Cowie.



CRAIG GOWAN HOUSE

CRAIG GOWAN HOUSE

IN THE TREE—Margaret Arnott, Jean Riley, C. Pennock, L. Swaffield.

FOURTH ROW—L. Funnell, K. Armytage, J. Smith, G. Simpson, L. Anderson, M. Mitchell, C. Milner, B. A. Aitkens, A. Weinstein, B. Nichol, M. Dowse, W. Bracken, L. McDougall, S. Allan (Head of House).

THIRD ROW—G. Long, D. Bishop, J. Alexander, G. Siemens, B. LeBeau, S. Riley, H. Wilson, F. Scrase, B. Ross, G. Jacobson, N. Webb, C. Kelsey.

SECOND ROW—N. Smith, S. Evans, Joanne Riley, Meryl Arnott, L. A. Christie, J. Barling.

FRONT ROW—P. Pennock, C. Riley, L. Trimble, R. Gibbins, R. Stewart.

ABSENT—C. A. Fields, R. Genser, D. Fownes, D. Malone.

CRAIG GOWAN HOUSE

Dear Craig Gowans,

Craig Gowan began with the keen house spirit which has pervaded the House all year, and we were spurred on by two successes in the Fall Term. Through hard work by both old and new girls, we came first on Sports Day. Congratulations are due to Betty Anne Aitkens, Lori Mc-Dougall, Suzanne Evans, Gail Long, and Lily Swaffield for their achievements that day. Craig Gowan then entered the Library Quiz with equal enthusiasm, and we were delighted to find that we had won first place in that field too. Many of you entered, and we are very proud of Lynn Funnell, Suzanne Evans, and Meryl Arnott for their contributions.

Our teams acquitted themselves very well in volleyball and basketball, thanks to Tanny's earlymorning practices. The skating races, next on the Sports Calendar, produced many a bump and bruise as the Juniors and Grade Sevens and Eights skated hard and well. Broomball, a game new to many of us, found Craig Gowan in there sweeping to second place on some of winter's coldest days.

Craig Cowan has worked well academically, and this, together with points gained for games, neatness, and conduct, placed us second at the end of both the Christmas and Easter terms. Since there is only a fraction of a point between the Houses at present, competition is keen, and first place will not be decided until the end of this term.

With baseball, swimming, and final examinations upon us, I know that Craig Gowan will continue to work and play hard and enthusiastically.

I would like to thank Mrs. Chown, our staff adviser; Tanny Armytage, our Sports' Captain; Lori McDougall, our Secretary, and Betty-Anne Aitkens for their assistance throughout the year. I also want to thank you, Craig Gowan, from Grade Four to Grade Twelve, for your co-operation and House spirit which have helped make this year as your House Head one of the happiest years of my life.

My congratulations go to next year's Head. I know she will find it a great privilege to work with you as I have found it, and my best wishes to you all.

Love.

SUE ALLAN, Head of Craig Gowan.

GLEN GAIRN HOUSE

Dear Glen Gairns.

We are now at the close of another year at Balmoral Hall, and as we look back on it we find that, as Glen Gairns, we have had an interesting and rewarding year. For me it has been, and forever will be, one of the best years of my life.

I feel that each of you has contributed personally to our House. Some of you have done so by being outstanding in sports, others by having a high scholastic standing, and still others by simply being co-operative and keeping your uniforms neat and your names out of conduct books. Seniors and Juniors alike have been wonderful, and I am more than proud of you all.

It was a disappointment to us when we got off to a bad start by placing last on Sports Day, even though Rosalind Wallace shone as the Senior Champion. But perseverance is a virtue, and by hard work we managed to achieve a close first in volleyball against Ballater. Our Sports' Captain, Val Saul, came first in the Senior Section of the Library Quiz, in which Glen Gairn came second. The gradual improvement of our fortunes was seen when we won the highest number of points for academic work, and our reward for that term was first place at Christmas.

In the second term, you, Juniors, who are always bubbling over with House spirit and eagerness, gave us first place in Junior Games. We held a close second in the Literary Competition, our main contributors in the Senior School being Jocelyn Wilson, Judy Harris, Pat McMahon and Kathy Curry, and in the Junior School, Cathy Hamilton, Marcia Glazerman, Kay Wilson, Elizabeth Brereton and Ditte Lansky. We have yet to test our skill in baseball and swimming, but we are practising eagerly.

To the staff members, Miss Oswald, Mrs. Stovel, Mrs. Elliot, Mrs. Burridge and Mrs. Birse, I would like to say that it has been a pleasure to have you in Glen Gairn. I would also like to express my gratitude to Val Saul, our competent Sports' Captain, and to Pam MacCharles, our Secretary and Uniform Monitress, for their help to me during the year.

I want you to know that as I say goodbye to each of you, I do so with reluctance. May you always have the best of everything.

With love,

Dee Dee Washington, Head of Glen Gairn.



GLEN GAIRN HOUSE

FOURTH ROW—M. McDiarmid, E. Rensaa, J. Harris, J. Munro, M. Medland, B. Park, J. Wilson, R. Wallace, G. Swinden, C. Albertsen, H. McGibbon, V. Saul, C. Burrell, D. D. Washington (Head of House).
 THIRD ROW—M. Kosinski, M. L. Sinclair, P. McDonald, P. McMahon, S. Hansen, R. Graham, V. Burdett, B. Howat, C. Cranston, M. Muter, K. Curry, P. MacCharles.

SECOND ROW—C. McCulloch, J. Smerchanski, E. Brereton, C. Howat, P. Shoemaker, A. Urquhart, Maryel Andison, M. Brown.

FRONT ROW—M. Glazerman, S. Cain, C. Hamilton, M. Hamilton, A. Hunt, D. Lansky, K. Wilson, Margaret Andison.

ABSENT-E. Vidler, M. Bethel, D. Sylvester.

CLASS NOTES

Grade VII Crossword

Across

- 1. There are two of us.
- 3. What we say when school is out
- 4. Went skiing after Christmas
- 7. Has a happy smile
- 10. Toured Europe last summer
- 11. Born on Baffin Island
- 12. Likes cooking and sewing
- 14. Can wiggle her ears
- 15. The shortest has the longest name
- 17. Jives and jives19. The Red and The Black
- 21. Our artist
- 22. "Now We are"

Down

- 1. Travels twenty miles a day
- 2. Can she sew and can she bake? Yes!
- 4. One of the quieter ones
- 6. Likes outdoor sports
- 7. A big one and a small one
- 8. Our best pianist
- 9. We have lots of
- 13. Our new Class President
- 16. Has curly hair and sparkling eyes
- 18. She likes skating
- 20. We make lots of

(Solution on page 41)

Can You Find Grade VIII?

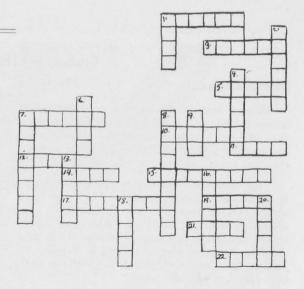
Gales of laughter, a turned-up nose, Shiny shoes, unusual hose, A soprano voice, a tail-less cat, An Air Ranger, and ceaseless chat; A clatter of books, grasshoppers in jars, A violin, Lockport, and brand new cars; Costa Rica, an arm in a sling, Hi-fi in the car, the Highland Fling, A photographer's kit, a smart Girl Guide, A charming smile and a toboggan slide. A varied assortment—but, sure as fate, Each one reminds us of one of Grade Eight.

In case you need help, here is the key:-

Barbara, Hermione, Wendy, Joan, Brenda, Ruth, Linda Pitt, Nora, Cecilia, Joanne, Eleanor, Mary Louise, Nancy, Gail, Jennifer, Claudia, Dora, Clare, Lynn, Jill and Linda Leach.

Miss Grade Nine

Hair that's curly like NANCY'S in CORINNE'S ash-blonde tone ROBERTA'S new style displays.



From 'neath CITA'S fine brows and VAL'S long lashes

SIGNY'S blue eyes flash rays.

As MERYL'S happy expression with humour

Into ANNE'S winning smile, she shows BARB'S deep dimples in JANIS' clear skin And wrinkles JANE'S pretty nose.

DILYS' slim figure and MONICA'S legs

Move with JUDY'S posture straight; And with BETTY'S skill and CAROL'S great

height, At basketball, she's first-rate.

Her beautiful nails like AUDREY'S and MARY'S She treats with gentle care,

And her fingers can skip o'er the keys like

DIANE'S Making many a musical air-In her paintings you recognize ELSA'S fine touch, But her talents do not stop here-She dances and leaps with ELAINE'S ease and

And her intellect is without peer. For behind JACKIE'S high forehead in PAT'S

clever brain A wealth of knowledge is stored From many a book by JULIA read And VANESSA'S travels abroad.

Through trial and test, like NICKY, we know Her gaiety will not fail.

While speaking she uses SUE'S soft voice And she sings like "nightinGAEL"

There are times when she's shy like GAYLE,

but yet, Like ANITA, an imp on occasions, She often enlivens our lunch-hour with some Of LIBBY'S impersonations. With thirty-one gifts all rolled into one Our heroine always will shine; How could she but be a model young miss-The perfect Miss Grade Nine!

Theorem Ten

Given: 1 classroom with 27 girls. Prove: grade ten = interesting class.

Proof: Judy Evans + Nancy Eaton = latecomers.

(axiom of slowness)

Margot Cross+Liz+Barb= noisemakers.

(axiom of vocality)

Lindsay + Pat = thinkers.

(axiom of reserve)

Diane + Wendy = readers. Suzanne + Judy Harris+

(axiom of intellect)

Lynn Anderson = talkers. Judy Cowie + Lynn Funnell +

(axiom of vivacity)

Marnie + Edith = travellers. (axiom of boarding)

Carol + Gerry = Home Economists.

(axiom of domesticity)

Nancy Webb+Brenda+ Rosemary = choir members. (axiom of harmony)

Margaret + Margot Gooder + Caroline = dancers.

(axiom of study)

Margot Medland + Rosalind = athletes.

(axiom of practice)

Louise = artist.

(axiom of creativity)

... grade ten = interesting class.

Greenhorn

Not long ago, I learned that I had been chosen as a member of the Magazine Executive. I soon regretted ever having said that I would like to belong when I realized that my initiation would consist of obtaining advertisements for the School Magazine. Nevertheless, seeing no other course open to me. I set forth on my first business venture.

It was an icy cold day, and I was to go to a wholesale company on some unheard of street at

the other end of town.

Before entering, I mentally reviewed my instructions. By the time I had asked for the advertising manager and explained my business, everything seemed quite straightforward. As I handed him the printed sheet, I laughed to myself, thinking how silly I was ever to have thought I might make a fool of myself.

'Would you please sign here, sir," I said, hoping I was pointing to the right dotted line.

He looked up quickly and said in a brisk, business-like tone, "You'll have to learn more about business, young lady. I never sign a blank page."

> JUDITH E. HARRIS. Grade X

Sports Report 1958-59

Another year has drawn to a close in the sports world of Balmoral Hall. It has been one of the most active years of my life, and now, as I look back, I realize the extent of our sports programme.

We began the year with the Houses in close competition on Sports Day, then in volleyball, with the next term bringing basketball, skating and broomball. In this last term, baseball and

swimming are the main activities.

I would like to thank Miss Elliott, our Games Mistress, whose help made it possible for us to expand and improve our programme this year. I also extend my appreciation to the House Heads and Games' Captains for their assistance throughout each season.

> KAREN JONES, Sports Captain

Sports Day Results

Senior Champion Rosalind Wallace—Glen Gairn

Intermediate Champion

Suzanne Evans—Craig Gowan

Junior Champion . . . Joanne Vialoux—Braemar

Midget Champion . . .

Vicki Griffiths—Braemar

House Standings .

1. Craig Gowan 2. Ballater

3. Braemar 4. Glen Cairn



SPORTS

Volleyball

This year, in addition to the House volleyball teams, we were able to have a School Team. Our first Inter-School match against Gordon Bell we lost, but regained prestige in the following game with the University of Manitoba Home Economics Faculty.

The members of the School volleyball team were:

B. A. Aitkens	S. Salzberg
B. Blewett	V. Saul
M. Cross	F. Scrase
K. Jones	B. Shields
M. McDiarmid	P. Shoemaker
L. McDougall	R. Wallace
M. Mitchell	H. Wilson
R Prodor	

Results of the House Tournament:

1. Glen Gairn	3. Craig Gowan
2. Ballater	4. Braemar

Alumnae Games Night

On Friday, February 20th, the Old Girls returned for basketball and volleyball games. The present girls were victorious in both games, but all had a good time renewing acquaintances. We were specially happy that Miss Murrell-Wright was able to attend the games, accompanied by Mrs. W. H. Collum, the President of the Alumnae.

Basketball

After numerous morning practices and hard work on everyone's part, we had a successful House Basketball Tournament. With the results of the Senior and Junior games totalled, Ballater came first, and Glen Gairn second.

The School Basketball team also had a successful season. Every Tuesday and Saturday practices were held which resulted in a great improvement in the Inter-School games.

Swimming

Every Friday, during the summer term, Grades VII to XII had swimming classes at the Y.W.C.A. Certain groups worked for Junior, Intermediate and Senior Red Cross tests, others for the R.L.S.S. Bronze Medallion, and the rest concentrated on general improvement of techniques. Results of the tests held on May 29th have not been received at the time of going to press, but forty girls are hoping for good marks.

I Swim

I can swim, I can swim, I'm a wonderful swimmer. In the sea, in the sea, Come, come, swim with me.

CATHERINE NEWCOMBE, Grade II



SCHOOL BASKETBALL TEAM—1959
BACK ROW—R. Wallace, J. Cowie, P. Shoemaker, B. Shields, S. Salzberg.
MIDDLE ROW—M. Cross, B. Prodor, H. Smith, L. McDougall.
FRONT ROW—B. A. Aitkens, K. Jones, V. Saul.



GLEN GAIRN VOLLEYBALL TEAM—1959 STANDING—M. McDiarmid, J. Wilson, R. Wallace, C. Burrell. KNEELING—B. Prodor, N. Howat, V. Saul, J. Munro, D. D. Washington.

Gymnastics

The Manitoba Gymnastic Competition took place at the Y.M.C.A. on May 2nd. As a result of Mr. Thorsen's expert training, Balmoral Hall's senior team placed first. Individual awards were also presented to Elaine Glena (senior) and Maryel Andison (junior).

Members of the Senior team were: Rosalind Wallace, Margaret Fisher, Caroline Damerell, Elaine Glena, Betty Nichol, Signy Hansen, Cecilia Smith, Nancy Turner, and Meryl Arnott.

Members of the Junior team were: Maryel Andison, Joan Sellers, Susan Riley, Kathy Curry, Jane Moody, Margaret Arnott, Margot Brown, Irene Huebert, Anne McLean, and Corrinne Kelsey.

Ice Sports

During the winter term skating races for Grades I to VIII were enjoyed on excellent ice, thanks to Alec. With the House points being given for entries and for winners, the final results were:

- 1. Ballater
- 3. Craig Gowan
- 2. Braemar

4. Glen Gairn

For the less agile but equally enthusiastic seniors, a broomball tournament was held. Bundled up in scarves, mitts, slacks, and snowboots, and carrying old brooms, the players made a somewhat hilarious sight as they slipped and slid through

the tournament. The Braemar team, although steady users of Absorbine Junior for the next few weeks, were the winners.

Buster

I have a little dog;
His name is Buster;
The thing he likes best
Is a ragged old duster.
He is a funny dog
As you can plainly see;
At night before I go to bed,
He comes and plays with me.

JEAN RILEY, Grade IV

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD ON PAGE 38

SC	DLUTION TO	CROSSWOR	D ON PAC
	Across		Down
1.	Joanne	1.	Jane
3.	Hurrah	2.	Cheryl
5.	Kathy	4.	Maryel
7.	Margot		Joan
10.	Louise	7.	Margaret
11.	Lily	8.	Elizabeth
12.	Gwen	9.	Fun
14.	Anne	13.	Nancy
15.	Madeleine	16.	Leslie
17.	Corrinne	18.	Irene
19.	Susan	20.	Noise

21. Jill

22. Seven

BALMOBAL HALL CALENDAR

CHRISTMAS TERM, 1958

Sept. 9—Boarders arrive.

Sept. 10—Opening Prayers conducted by Rev. W. C. Lockhart.

Head Girl and Prefects receive cords. Sept. 12—Boarders' "Bash Night", run by The Mothers' Auxiliary.

Sept. 16—House Heads receive pins.

Sept. 17—House Sports Captains announced.

Sept. 18—School Games Meeting.

Sept. 19—Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra concert at Balmoral Hall.

Sept. 26—Supplementary Reading Tests. Sept. 27—Boarders watch Float Parade.

Sept. 28-Miss I. Dickson conducts boarders' Evening Prayers.

Oct. 1—Library Executive announced. Oct. 2-Magazine Executive announced.

Oct. 5—Dawna and Diana Duncan take Evening Pravers.

Oct. 8—Junior School Sports Day.

Oct. 10-New Prefects receive cords at Thanks giving Service.

Oct. 10-13—Thanksgiving Weekend.

Oct. 14—Senior Sports Day.

Oct. 17—Boarders attend performance of Royal Winnipeg Ballet.

Oct. 22-Rev. Canon J. C. Clough conducts Morning Prayers. Mothers' Auxiliary Fall Meeting and

Oct. 24—United Nations Day.

Oct. 30—Junior and Senior Hallowe'en Parties.

Oct. 31-St. John's College Commemoration Service at St. John's Cathedral.

Nov. 2—Red Feather Campaign at Balmoral Hall. Nov. 4-Volleyball game -- Balmoral Hall vs.

Gordon Bell.

Nov. 7-9—Boarders' Weekend.

Nov. 10-Remembrance Day Service conducted by Rev. J. L. McInnis.

Nov. 12-Volleyball game - Balmoral Hall vs. Home Economics Faculty, University of Manitoba.

Nov. 15-Boarders attend "Murder in The Cathedral", a film at University of Manitoba.

Nov. 17—Alumnae Fall Meeting.

Nov. 18—School closed because of snow.

Nov. 21—Piano and Singing Recital.

Dec. 5—Collection of clothing for St. Aldhelm's Mission at Birch River.

Dec. 9-17—Christmas Examinations.

Dec. 9-Collection of Toys for Point Douglas

Dec. 12-Collection of canned food for Point Douglas Mission.

Dec. 17—Boarders' Christmas Party — Miss Murrell-Wright attends Carol Singing.

Dec. 18—Christmas Carol Service 2.30 p.m. Dec. 19—School closes for Christmas vacation.

EASTER TERM, 1959

7—Boarders return. Jan.

8—School re-opens. Ian.

Jan. 23—New Prefects receive cords.

Jan. 25-Miss J. Wilson conducts boarders' Evening Prayers.

Feb. 6-Morning Prayers conducted by The Very Rev. Wm. Harrison.

7—Basketball Game — Balmoral Hall vs. Feb. Technical Vocational High School. Boarders attend Ice Capades.

Feb. 8-Miss I. Stewart, of Y.W.C.A. in Toronto, conducts boarders' Evening

Prayers.

Feb. 11-Ash Wednesday Service conducted by Rev. M. Creal. "Cupid Capers"—Miss Murrell-Wright receives guests.

Feb. 13-16—Boarders' long weekend.

Feb. 19-Rev. R. Dolan conducts Morning Prayers. Basketball Game — Balmoral Hall vs. Gordon Bell.

Feb. 20-Alumnae Games Night.

Feb. 26—Broomball tournament. Feb. 27-Singing and Piano Recital.

Mar. 4—Canon J. Blewett conducts Morning

Pravers.

Mar. 5—Basketball Game — Balmoral Hall vs. St. James Collegiate.

Mar. 13—Collection for Missions at Morning Prayers.

Mar. 17-25—Easter Examinations.

Mar. 20—Collection for Red Cross. Mar. 22—Miss Murrell-Wright takes Evening Prayers.

Mar. 25—School closes for Easter Vacation.

SUMMER TERM, 1959

Apr. 7—Boarders return.

Apr. 8—School re-opens. Miss Murrell-Wright conducts Opening Prayers.

Apr. 15—Dedication Service for new Balmoral Hall Hymn Book.

May 11—New Summer uniforms worn for first

May 13—White Cross Guild "Rag Drive".

May 15-18—Victoria Day Weekend.

May 21—Mothers' Auxiliary Annual Meeting. Demonstration of Gymnastics.

May 23—Alumnae Scholarship Coffee Party.

May 28—Fashion Show and Presentation of Athletic Awards.

June 4—Piano and Singing Recital.

June 7—Closing Service at the School, 4 p.m.

June 16—Closing Exercises at Westminster Church, followed by Garden Party at Balmoral Hall. Graduation Dance at the School, 9 p.m.

June 20-Graduate Luncheon given by the Alumnae Association.



OUR SCHOOL CAPTAIN—SIGNE SALZBERG OUR HEAD GIRL—BETTY ANNE AITKENS

VALEDICTORY

Dear Girls,

Although our years at this School will perhaps not take on their full significance until they are well behind us, we want to try to acknowledge the benefits we have received here as they appear to us now. Perhaps some of you who are returning will derive from this appreciation further incentive to put to your best account the time at School that still lies before you.

At the threshold of a new phase of our lives we acknowledge above all the effort made to cultivate our potentialities. Our training in leadership, self-discipline and fair play should carry beyond our School days and give us courage to face new responsibilities. We recognize also our greater appreciation of the finer things of life which should be a source of lasting pleasure and satisfaction.

Thoughts of School are always intermingled with happy memories of the friendships we have made through sharing experiences at work and at play. Our common interest in House and School forged bonds which we know will endure.

Aware of our shortcomings, we now go on our way to put into practice the things we have been taught, and we remember with affection those who have guided us in our work, in our play and in our growing up. To them and to you we say goodbye for the graduates of 1959.

May God bless you all,

BETTY ANNE AND SIGNE

EXCHANGES

The Editor wishes to acknowledge the following exchanges:

BISHOP STRACHAN SCHOOL N	AAG.	AZIN	IE	,	,	,	,	,	- The Bishop Strachan School, Toronto, Ontario
									- Branksome Hall, Toronto, Ontario
THE VICTORY		-	,	,	,	,	,	-	- Churchill High School, Winnipeg
THE CROFTONIAN	-	,	,	,	,		,		· Crofton House School, Vancouver, B.C.
Breezes	1	-	,		,	,	1	,	- Daniel McIntyre Collegiate Institute, Winnipeg
SAMARA		-	,			,	-	,	- Elmwood, Ottawa, Ontario
PURPLE AND GOLD		-	,	,	1	,	,	,	- Gordon Bell High School, Winnipeg
LUDEMUS	,	,	-	1	,	,		,	· Havergal College, Toronto, Ontario
PER ANNOS		1	,	,	,	,	-	,	King's Hall, Compton, P.Q.
THE TALLOW DIP		-	,	,	,		,	,	Netherwood School, Rothesay, N.B.
THE REFLEX		,	,	,	,	-		,	- The College of Optometry of Ontario
BLEATINGS		,	,	1	,	,	,	,	· St. Agnes School, Albany, N.Y.
ST. HELEN'S SCHOOL MAGAZ	INE	-		1		,	,	,	- St. Helen's School, Dunham, P.Q.
THE EAGLE									- St. John's Ravenscourt, Fort Garry, Manitoba
THE PIBROCH		-	-	,	-	,	,	-	- Strathallan School, Hamilton, Ontario
THE STUDY CHRONICLE		-	,	,	-	,	1	-	- The Study, Montreal, P.Q.
Success									- Success Business College, Winnipeg
									· Trafalgar School, Montreal, P.Q.
									· Weston School, Westmount, Montreal, P.Q.
									· Technical-Vocational High School, Winnipeg
THE YORK HOUSE CHRONICI	E -	-	,	,	-	,	,	-	· York House School, Vancouver, B.C.



Graduates

Grade XII

BETTY ANNE AITKENS

"Joey", our popular and outstanding Head Girl from Boissevain, has had a busy year with Magazine meetings, Jerry, basketball and volleyball games, Larry, School Choir and Choral Group practices and Gary. However, Betty Anne handles every duty expertly and still finds time for study. Next year will see Joey at the University of North Dakota in the Faculty of Physical Education. Best of luck, "Joey".

CAROLE ANN CORY

From Virden comes our cheerful Head of Residence. Although Carol has had her hands full this year as a Prefect, member of the Choral Group, Head of the Choir and active Braemarite, she has not neglected her Teddy (bears). Her future plans include a secretarial course at Success Business College. Happy days, Carole Ann.

MARY GASKELL

This pert little miss came to us this year from Kelvin. She soon joined in many school activities and has been a successful Photography Editor of the Magazine. Mary hopes to spend next year in Second Year Science at the University before going to England to study physiotherapy. May good luck go with you, Mary.

BARBARA PARK

"The girl with the brief case" is Barb, the efficient Advertising Manager of the Magazine. In addition, she is a Prefect, a strong supporter of Glen Gairn, and a soprano in the School Choir. Next year, Barb will be entering Second Year Arts at the University of Manitoba. We wish her "all the best".

BERNICE PRODOR

Bernice, our Class President, played on the School basketball and volleyball teams, sang in the School Choir and Choral Group, and was a member of the Magazine Executive. She is an Edmontonian, and like many boarders, is on a diet! Next year she will attend Montana State University where she will "major" in Psychology. Good luck, Bernie.

VALERIE SAUL

Val, of the "gentle" laugh, lives in Kenora. She is a Prefect, member of the School Choir and Magazine Executive, Sports' Captain of Glen Gairn, and an outstanding piayer on the School volleyball and basketball teams. We expect great things of her next year in Commerce at the University of Manitoba. Good luck, Val.

HELEN SMITH

"Smaltz", from Prince Albert, is of a course, a great "Dief" fan. She has had an active year being a Prefect and supporter of Ballater, playing basketball and volleyball, and arguing about politics and who has first bath. Next year she goes to United College to complete Grade XII before taking a Lab. Technicians' course. Her many friends wish her success and happiness.

ELIZABETH VIDLER

Elizabeth's interests include everything except study, and she can usually be seen with her pals discussing "weekends", past and future. She helps the makers of ball-point pens by devouring one a week, and has the distinction of obtaining the highest and lowest marks in Grade XII history. Next year will find her at the Manitoba Teachers' College. Happy days, Elizabeth.

HELEN WILSON

Helen comes from Edmonton and don't we know it! Her varied musical talents are displayed in the Alto section of the School Choir and at the organ at Morning Prayers. Following up her interest in Biology, she plans to enter a degree Nursing course at the University of Alberta. We wish you a happy future, Helen.

Grade XI

SUSAN ALEXANDER

Golden-haired Sue, our Hallowe'en "flapper", is a member of Ballater House. She never gains an ounce, but monstrous lunches and "excessive rest" seem to give her the vigour to keep the class in good humour. She is planning to return to Balmoral Hall next year for Grade XII. Best of luck, Sue.

SARA ALLAN

"Susie's" year has been as hectic as it has been successful. She is Head of Craig Gowan, a Prefect, and a member of the Library Committee and School Choir. She obtains enviable marks with apparent ease and supports the "open window crowd" in Grade XI. Sue is off to Neuchatel Junior College, Switzerland, next year, and we wish her "Bonne Chance".

KATHLEEN ARMYTAGE

"Tanny", one of the zaniest members of Grade XI, is the able and energetic Sports Captain of Craig Gowan. She has sung soprano in the School Choir and the Choral Group, and has long amused us with her fashionable hair-styles. Her future plans include Grade XII at Balmoral Hall and then the University of Western Ontario.





BARBARA BLEWETT

"Blewetta", our blonde bombshell of Grade Eleven, is Sports Captain of Braemar House. Barb is fond of all sports, especially volleyball and baseball. Her favourite expression this year was "S'all right already". Next year Barb will return to Balmoral Hall for Grade XII. Best of luck, Barb!

ARLA BULLMORE

Arla has been an active member of Ballater House, playing on the volleyball, basketball, and broomball teams. She passed her spare time by driving her "little" red Chevy into the backs of buses. Her favourite newly-acquired expression is "Ev'n'n'!" She plans to return for Grade XII and then take up Home Economics. Loads of luck, Arla!

CYDNEY BURRELL

Cyd, our popular first term Class President, has had an active year. She is Art Editor of our Magazine, sings in the School Choir and is a member of Glen Gairn's volleyball team. Next year her warm spontaneous smile should win her many more friends at the University of Minnesota where she will take Arts. May fortune smile upon you, Cydney.

SHIRLEY DONALDSON

Our blonde, pony-tailed "Surely", another Virdenite, has spent a strenuous year as Head of Ballater, Librarian, and Prefect. She has sung in both the School Choir and Choral Group and will we ever forget her grace at Initiation! Next year Shirl plans to attend St. John's College, leaving us stranded without her record player. Bonne chance, toujours, "Anglaise".

JACQUELINE DUNCAN

Jackie rejoined us after Christmas and again excelled in her scholastic and musical pursuits. The Library Executive has claimed much of her time, and her brilliant goal-tending at broomball for Braemar kept Ballater scoreless, despite last-minute rallies. Our warmest wishes go with this ambitious humanitarian when she enters a degree course in Science before going into Medicine.

CAROL ANNE FIELDS

Carol Anne, better known as "C.A.", has the enviable record of eight years at Balmoral Hall. She has long been a supporter of Craig Gowan, and has been invaluable this year to the Magazine Executive, especially in Advertising. Next year will find C.A. at the University of British Columbia taking Arts. Here's to you, Carol Anne!

BARBARA GILLESPIE

"Gillie", the successful Sports Captain of Ballater, is renowned for her prowess in gymnastics. For two years she has been a member of the Magazine Executive. She is usually late for school, but once here, she is a firm and fiery Class President. We look forward to her return next year to our well populated Grade XII.

MARILYN HAWKINS

Cheerful, good-natured Marilyn is very proud of the fact that she lives in Thompson, Manitoba's frontier town. She is also enthusiastic about Braemar and the Choral Group. Next year will see her back at Balmoral Hall for Grade XII. Her future shows advanced work in Maths or Science at an eastern university. Happy days, Marilyn.

KAREN IONES

Vivacious, red-haired Karen, our efficient Sports Captain and popular Prefect, spends her time at inter-school basketball games accidentally falling over the good-looking referees. She also "reports on Sports" for the Magazine and sings in the School Choir. She returns to Grade XII next year in preparation for Physical Education at the University of Minnesota. Good luck in everything. "Miss J.".

MARGARET KOSINSKI

Marg, the youngest in Grade XI and a native of Birch River, is a talented musician. She plays the violin and piano and sings in the School Choir and Choral Group. She also enjoys volleyball and swimming but hates getting up in the morning. We wish her success in Grade XII at Balmoral Hall next year before going into Science at the University of Manitoba.

PAMELA MACCHARLES

"P.J.", from Medicine Hat, has been a Prefect, member of the School Choir and Choral group, and a staunch supporter of Glen Gairn. She has also managed to combine successfully her duties on both Magazine and Library Executives. Next year will find Pam at Balmoral for Grade XII with future thoughts of McGill.

MARGARET McDIARMID

Marg, the Grade XI Vice-President, comes from Brandon. She played on the School and Glen Gairn volleyball teams and sang in the School Choir. This usually quiet boarder is not so quiet when the pony express comes in from Regina. We wish Marg luck at Brandon College next year.

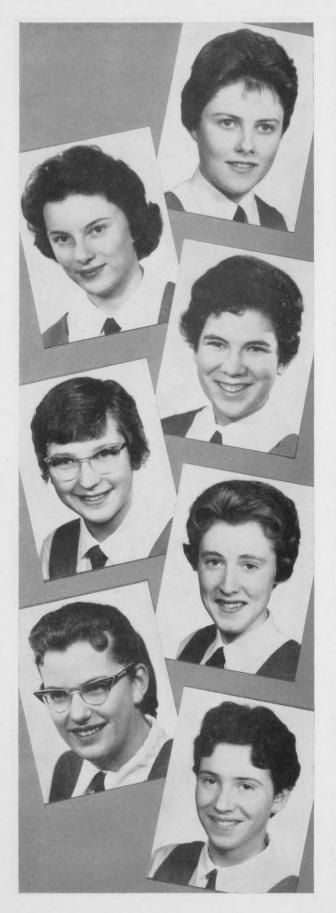
LORI McDOUGALL

Lori, Craig Gowan's jet-propelled Secretary, although an assistant Librarian, member of both School Teams, and an alto in both School Choirs, has carried all three Sciences successfully, as well as Grade Nine piano. The envied owner of the most cuddly Teddy bear in Residence, "Laury" will return to Balmoral Hall next year to help Mrs. Byrne's morale in Grade XII!

HEATHER MILLER

Blonde and blue-eyed Heather, did a great deal more than look gorgeous this year. She has been Head of Braemar, a Prefect, Library Executive member and Dance treasurer. She also sang in the School Choir whenever she was not providing the organ accompaniment. Next year she plans to invade Grade XII at United before going to the University of Western Ontario.





MARJORIE MITCHELL

Marj, from Lynn Lake, has been an energetic player on the School volleyball team and on the Craig Gowan volleyball and basketball teams. She hopes to pass her Intermediate Red Cross Swimming test this term. Marjorie will return to Balmoral Hall for Grade XII and she has fleeting thoughts of Architecture or Design for the more distant, future.

JUDY MUNRO

Noted not so much for exercising her grey cells as her Vocal chords, "Monroe" can be heard in the School Choir and Choral Group. As the School's representative on Eaton's Junior Council, Judy proved herself an expert at original table settings. Her "long-range plans" include Grade XII at Balmoral Hall and then Home Economics at the University of Manitoba.

GLORIANNE RICE

Glorianne, the "Bubble" of Grade XI, is a member of the School Choir and a loyal supporter of Ballater House. Next year she hopes to attend the University of Manitoba where her trade-marks, a sparkling laugh and "golden" locks, are sure to enliven the campus. Our best wishes go with you, Glorianne!

SIGNE SALZBERG

"Sig", our able School Captain with the "innocent air", is equally effective as a Prefect, athlete, alto in the School Choir and Choral Group, and Editor of the Magazine. She also manages to get top marks, especially in "Anguish Languish". This fresh air fiend plans to return to ventilate Grade XII next year before taking Pharmacy at the University of Manitoba.

FRANCES SCRASE

Fran is one of our boarders from Lynn Lake. An able supporter of Craig Gowan, she has found time for basketball, volleyball, swimming, and music and has sung in the School Choir. Next year she will be back at Balmoral Hall for Grade XII. Good luck, Fran.

PFNNY SHOEMAKER

Penny, from Neepawa, has been kept busy this year with the School basketball and Glen Gairn volleyball teams, the School Choir and music lessons. She usually can be found complaining over her lack of mail or arguing politics with her room-mates. Penny has definite plans for a business course. Good luck to you, Penny.

JANET SMITH

Janet, "our early bird", has spent two years at Balmoral Hall. She is an enthusiastic member of Craig Gowan House and has played on their volleyball team. Next year Janet plans to take Grade XII at United College and then go on to Pharmacy. Best of luck in the future, Janet.

GAIL STEFLE

Gail, our Home Ec. genius, and loyal supporter of Braemar, has had an interesting year in Grade XI. Her favourite expression is "Wears White?", and she can usually be found in the Common Room testing her musical abilities. Next year will find her in Grade XII at Balmoral Hall. Here's to you, "Steelico"!

PAMELA STEWART

Pam, our boarder from Pine Falls, was a member of the Braemar volleyball, baseball and broomball teams. At Initiation, Pam was the only new girl who succeeded in tricking a fellow new girl into bowing down and repeating the pledge! Next year will find Pam at United College for Grade XII, with future plans for nursing. Best of luck, Pam.

DONNA DAY WASHINGTON

Dee Dee, alias "B.B.", from Penticton, B.C., has had a busy year as a Prefect, Head of Glen Gairn and a member of the School Choir. She holds the record for "fan male" and is also known for her "Penticton" jive. "Donna Donyova Washy Washova" plans to further her dancing career at the Royal Ballet School in England where she has been accepted for next year. Bon voyage, Dee Dee.

DEIDRE WHITE

Deid, the daydreamer of Grade XI, whose pet subject is Home Ec., ended the year with a flourish by being declared one of the best models in the Fashion Show. Next fall will see her back at Balmoral for Grade XII. Best of luck Deid.

IOCELYN WILSON

Joc, a firm believer that fresh air never hurt anyone, has been a Prefect, Business Manager of the Magazine, and a member of both the Choir and Choral Group. Her pet aversion is singing that drags, and her persistent prodding has noticeably increased the tempo of the hymns. Next year she will take Arts at St. John's College before entering nursing.

CHERYL YATES

Cheryl, our Physics genius, was an active member of Braemar, participating in basketball, swimming and volleyball. Her favourite pastime this year was trying to get her "foolish" car to go just a "little" faster. Next year will find Cheryl at the University of Manitoba taking Home Economics before entering nursing. Best of luck, Cheryl.

NOREEN YOUNG

Although from Flin Flon, Noreen's main interests this year centre around Lynn Lake. In spite of this, she has found time to play on Ballater's basketball and volleyball teams. Next year Noreen will be back for Grade XII, but she won't be bringing her car. Here's to your French, Noreen.



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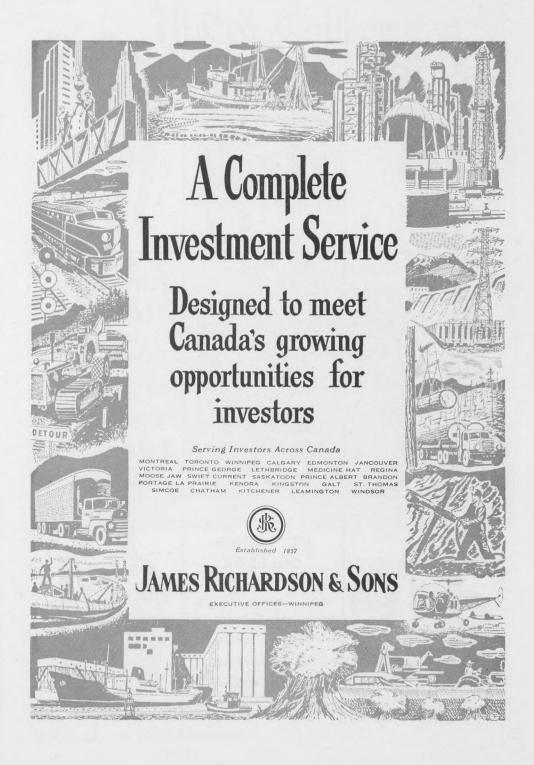
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	Evans, Suzanne B.
BURRELL, CYDNEY 115 Westgate (1)SPruce 5-1701	1108-27th St. South, Lethbridge, Alta.
113 Westgate (1)	1100-2/til ot. ooden, betholiage, rita.

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221 Waverley St. (9)	Thompson, Man.
Ferguson, Jane	Henson, Elizabeth
221 Waverley St. (9)	17 Chestnut Park Road
Fields, Carol Anne	Toronto, Ont. WA 3-5238
265 Kingsway Ave. (9)	Howat, Brenda
FOLLIOTT, LYNN	319 Kelvin Blvd.
11 Oakdale Drive	Tuxedo (9)
Charleswood, Man. VErnon 2-5043	Howat, Cheryl
Fisher, Margaret	319 Kelvin Blvd.,
13404-123rd Ave.	Tuxedo (9)
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185 Waverley St. (9)	Hunt, Alexandra
Funnell, Lynn	339 Oak St. (9) GRover 5-1479
704 Elbow Drive	Hunt, Anna
Calgary, Alta. AM 6-3581	750 Westminster Ave SPruce 5-6766
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175 Oxford St. (9) GRover 5-5227	Box 948
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826 Campbell St. (9) HUdson 9-7455	Jones, Karen
GASKELL, MARY	R.R. No. 2—Arthur St.
826 Campbell St. (9)	Fort William, Ont.
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280 Harvard Ave. (9)	47 Waterloo St. (9)
GIBBINS, ROSE	K PAIT THE
D O P 420	74 Westgate (1)SUnset 3-0442
Kenora, Ont. 6166 Ont.	KIRBYSON, JAYNE
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GLENA, ELAINE	38 Roslyn Cres. (13)
4100 27th Avenue	KNIGHT, JUDITH
Vernon, B.C. 3-755	123 Grenfell Blvd.
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Goodman, Judith	Birch River, Man.
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272 Oxford St. (9)	
CRANE LAUDIE	LAYCOCK, BARBARA
86 Wildwood Park, Ft. GarryGRover 5-5684	Carman, Man. SH 5-2545
Greatrex, Alison	Leach, Linda
260 Montrose St. (9)	761 Wellington Cres. (9) GLobe 3-6233
Greatrex, Martha	Leadley, Diane
260 Montrose St. (9)	350 Morley Ave. (13)
GRIFFITHS, DEBRA	Le Beau, Brenda
1241 Wellington Cres. HUdson 9-4958	674 Waverley St. (9) HUdson 9-2662
GRIFFITHS, VICKI	LOEWEN JAMES
1241 Wellington Cres. HUdson 9-4958	905 Renfrew St. (9) TUrner 8-1122
GUEST SUSAN	Long, Gail
343 Yale Ave	P.O. Box 1565, San José
Hamilton, Mary	Costa Rica, C.A.
1481 Wellington Cres. HUdson 9-4737	Lone, Monica
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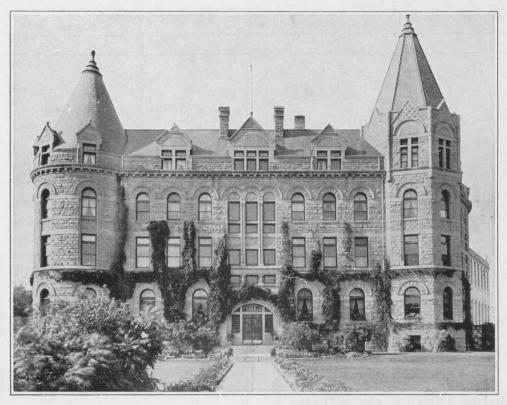
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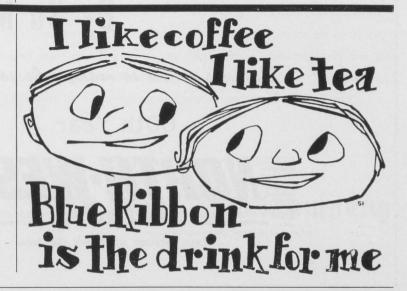


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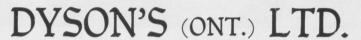
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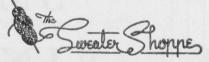
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